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SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1897.

Official Directory.

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Lieutenant Governor—Walter Lyon.
State Treasurer—Samuel M. Jackson.
Auditor General—Amos H. Mylin.
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J. C. GALLUP, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

SEVILLA REBEKAH LODGE, No. 50, I. O. O. F. Meets every Monday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall.
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A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 183, meets second, fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
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C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
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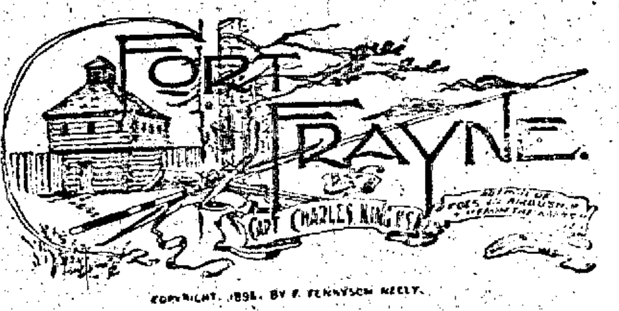

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CHAPTER I.

The snow was mantling the wild waste of barren prairie stretching toward the white peaks of the Big Horn, shrouding its desolation, hiding its accustomed ugliness and warning scout, soldier or cowboy to look well to his landmarks before venturing forth upon its trackless sea, for even the cattle trails were hidden and the stage road lost to view. Between its banks of glistening white the Platte rolled black and swollen, for a rare thing had happened—one so rare that old trappers and traders said they never knew the like before since first they sighted "Laramie" peak or forced the passes of the Medicine Bow—there had been three days of softly falling snow and not a whisper of a Wyoming gale. There had been a thaw in the Laramie plains, preceded by a soft south wind in the park country of Colorado, and whole fleecy hillsides, said the natives, were "slumping off" in the upper waters of the river. And that was how the Platte came to be tossing high its wintry wave under the old stockade at the ferry and sweeping in power, instead of sleeping in peace, beneath its icy blanket, around the huge bluff where waved the colors of old Fort Frayne.

The roadway winding from the riverside up to the adjutant's office at the southern end of the garrison was still unbroken. The guard at the ferryhouse had been withdrawn, and as for the veteran stockade, sole relic of the early days of the overland stage route, it looked now in its silence and desolation, heavily capped as it was with its weight of snow, like some huge, flattened out charlotte do russe—at least that was what Ellis Farrar, daughter of the post commander, likened it to as she peered from the north window of their cozy quarters on the crest of the bluff. "And to think of Christmas being almost here and not a chance of getting a wagon through from the railway," she murmured, "and I so longed to make it bright and joyous for mother! It is always her saddest season."

These low toned words were addressed to Captain Leale of her father's regiment, a strong, soldierly looking man of nearly 40 years, who, with fieldglass in hand, had been studying the wintry landscape to the north and east. He turned as the young girl spoke, and, lowering his glasses, followed her eyes and looked anxiously across the bright army parlor to where the firelight from the blazing logs upon the hearth fell full upon a matronly woman whose luxuriant hair was already turning gray, and whose sweet, patient face bore the unmistakable trace of deep sorrow. She was seated at a desk, an unfinished letter before her, and had paused in the midst of her writing and dropped off into the dreamland of faraway scenes and memories. From a drawer in the desk she had taken what was evidently a portrait, a small photograph, and had been intently studying it while the only other occupants of the room were busy at the window.

"It is—you know—Royle's, my brother's picture," whispered Ellis. "I know it, though I haven't seen it in ever so long—five years, I think."

Again the captain bowed, inclining his head in the slow, grave way that was habitual with him. "I know," he said briefly, and the gaze he fixed upon his colonel's wife was full of anxiety and sympathy. "I have often wished that your father's promotion had brought him to any other garrison in the army. You remember he was stationed here when lieutenant colonel, and it was from here that Royle went to West Point."

"I remember it but vaguely. That was nine years ago, captain, and I was but 7. We saw him during his cadet furlough two years later—in 1885—and that was the last. Mother only rarely speaks of him, and father never unless—unless," she added, with timid appeal, "he does to you. Does he?"

Captain Leale paused a moment before replying. Only that very morning had his colonel talked with him, the most trusted of his troop commanders, of Ellis' long missing brother. Only within an hour had Farrar sought again his advice as to one whom he could not bring himself to name and referred to in shame and sorrow as "my eldest," and only rarely as "my son." First born of the little flock, the boy had been given his father's name. The only child for several years, petted, spoiled, overindulged by a fond, pure hearted mother, then reared among the isolated army garrisons of the far west, the handsome, headstrong, daring youth but all too early had shown a tendency to wild companionship and reckless living. Few men in the cavalry arm of the service were held in higher esteem than Colonel Royle Farrar, who, entering the service with the first regiment to be sent to the front from New York city in the spring of 1861, had fought his way to the command of a brigade in the last campaign and then been commissioned as a junior major of cavalry at the reorganization of the regular army. The president himself had tendered Farrar, long afterward, a cadetship for his son, and it was gratefully yet almost fearfully accepted. The mother could not be brought to believe her boy would not strive to do honor to his name at the Point. The father dreaded that the wayward, reckless fellow, intolerant of restraint or discipline, would merit punishment, and, being punished, would resent. Royle stood the ordeal only fairly well at first. Demerits in profusion and "light prison" twice had clouded his record before the furlough year, but the mother's eyes rejoiced in the sight of the handsome, stalwart young soldier after his two years of rigorous training, even though the mother heart grieved over the evidences of dissipation and vice which speedily marred the long looked for days of his vacation. Between him and his father had been more than one stormy scene before Royle returned to the academy—interviews from which the senior issued pale, stern, sorrowful, the young man gloomy, sullen and more than half defiant.

In his second class year came tidings of misdemeanor that almost broke the mother's heart. Farrar hastened from the distant frontier to the banks of the Hudson, expecting nothing short of dismissal for the boy, and promising the mother to fetch him at once to her, but the court, even in sentencing, had signed a plea for mercy for the cadet who bore so honored a name, a plea that his classmates would never have indorsed, and the president remitted the punishment to a term of confinement to barracks and camp. The father wasted no words in reproach. He pointed out to the son that this was his last chance. Royle, Jr., had sullenly responded that his disgrace was due entirely to spies and talebearers and showed neither contrition nor promise of amend. A year later came the last straw. Reported for a violation of regulations in having liquor in his possession, Cadet Farrar wrote a lying explanation to the effect that it was placed in his room by parties unknown to him and for the purpose of bringing him into trouble, but he had been seen "off limits" at a questionable resort in the neighboring village the previous night, had been drinking and card playing there, had lost money and refused to pay, had been seen returning by two lower classmen, to whom he offered liquor, then staggered to his quarters only an hour or so before reveille roll call. He was placed in close arrest after being confronted with the array of evidence, and that night deserted and was seen no more. Again the colonel made his mournful pilgrimage to the Point, and old comrades pityingly, sorrowfully told him the whole story. He went back to his regiment looking ten years older, took his wife and two younger children, Will and Ellis, to his heart, and from that day never spoke again his first born's name. It had been for years his custom to sign all official papers in full—Royle Farrar—but the very sound of the Christian name seemed from that time on to give him distress, and R. Farrar became his signature personal or official.

The young man was heard of occasionally, however, borrowing money from officers and friends and relatives on his father's account. Then he went to sea, then returned to New York and wrote a long letter to his mother, telling how he mourned the old days and was going to lead a new life, and she sent him all the money she had. Then there was another interval, and after it he again appeared as a suppliant friend. He had been desperately ill, he said, and kind but poor, humble people had cared for him, and they ought to be rewarded. The mother would have sent her last cent to him direct, but Farrar interposed. His check went to a trusted friend with instructions to investigate, and that friend was his old comrade, Major Fenton, and, as he expected, it proved only another lie.

Then there came an era of apparent prosperity, and now the poor mother in joy besought her husband to recognize the son, for he reported himself in good employ with a fair salary and brilliant prospects. He even sent a draft to repay a small portion of what he termed his father's loan, but this was soon followed by a draft on his father for double the amount, and later another, and then letters of inquiry came from his employer, and then rueful complaint of how that trusting person had been swindled. In her agony of grief and disappointment the mother's health was giving way, and Farrar concealed from her particulars even worse—that their wretched son had won the love of his employer's daughter and that she had followed him from her father's house. There had been a secret marriage. There was another Royle. This news had come to the colonel but a day or two before. It was this that had unsealed his lips and turned him to Captain Leale for counsel and support.

"My daughter," wrote the bereaved father, "was the idol of my heart, the image of the mother who was taken from her long years ago. Yet she turned from me in the passion of her love for him, and they have gone God alone knows where. If you can find him, say that though he has robbed me poor I can forgive him all if he will but be good and kind to her. She was delicately nurtured, as carefully educated as your own daughter could be, sir, and she was more to me, for she was my all. I own that, having married him, her duty was with her husband, but why should she have hidden that marriage from her father? My own fortune is well nigh wrecked, but she has her mother's little portion—enough if he can resist his craving for drink and gambling to support them in comfort. I pray you help me save my child."

All this sad history was now well known to Malcolm Leale, and his eyes were full of sorrow as he bent them upon the gentle, yearning woman at the desk, lost in her study of her firstborn's face. Ellis in turn stood watching him. She was a girl of 16, yet seemed older far, because of the years in which she had been her mother's companion and closest friend. Then, as he made no answer to her query and seemed plunged in thought, she turned and stepped lightly over to the mother's side.

"Day dreaming again, Queen Mother?" she asked in the half playful way that was habitual with her. "If you don't go on with your letter to Will, it won't be ready for the courier. Captain Leale tells me they are to send one out at noon."

"Will they really?" asked Mrs. Farrar, rousing suddenly. "Why, I had given up all hopes of hearing from him this week or of getting a letter to him. Who is to go, captain? The pass must be breast deep in snow."

"I think not, Mrs. Farrar. There was very little wind, you know, and the fall seems to have been very uniform. Corporal Rorke and a couple of my men are getting ready now. The colonel was only waiting, hoping that there might be still some news from Red Cloud."

"Why, how can it come? The wires are down the road hidden and the river unfordable," said Ellis eagerly. "The last news was bad enough. I own I don't want to hear further."

Over Leale's face a graver shadow fell. "There are Indian riders who could easily make the journey," he said. "Crow Knife, for instance, whom the colonel sent over with the scouts five days ago. The fact that he hasn't returned makes me hopeful that matters are quieting down," but here he turned again to the window to level his glass upon the broad, rolling expanse of white, stretching in wave after wave to the bleak horizon.

"God forbid there should be further trouble," said Mrs. Farrar slowly, lingeringly replacing the portrait in its drawer. "Surely the general has force enough there now to keep those Indians in check," she ventured appealingly.

Leale lowered his binocular again. "He has, provided the renegades captured on the Cheyenne are not sent back there. Those people should not be taken to the agency. They are Minneconjous, Uncpapas, Brules, a turbulent, ill conditioned lot, who make trouble whenever the others are peaceably disposed. They should have been disarmed and dismounted and put under guard at Fort Robinson until this question is settled. What I fear is that Red Wolf's band is still out and is defying the agent, and that the revolt will spread to Kill Eagle's village. If they go on the warpath, some of our best scouts will be involved. That boy, Crow Knife, is worth his weight in gold, but his father and mother would follow Kill Eagle."

"Do you think—do you think that if they should revolt we—our command—would have to be ordered out?" asked Ellis anxiously.

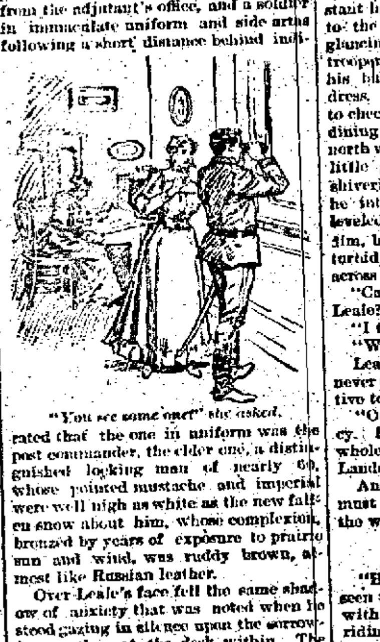
"It might be," he replied cautiously, "but I am hoping that no winter campaign is in store for us. Think of a march over such a waste as that," and he pointed to the snow clad scene before them. "We couldn't cross the Platte this side of Laramie either, even if the stream were fordable. The running ice would cut the horses from under us."

Out across the parade, clear, yet soft, as though muffled by the snow, the cavalry trumpet began sounding orderly call.

"Rorke and his men will start as soon as they have had dinner, Mrs. Farrar," said Leale, "and I must see the colonel before they go. I will send for your letters." He took up the glasses again for one last survey, Ellis narrowly watching him, while her mother went on with her writing. For a moment the search seemed barren of result, as before, but suddenly Leale started, stepped nearer the window and riveted his attention on one spot. Ellis quickly noted it.

"You see some one?" she asked.

A brief nod was the only answer. Then, glass in hand, the captain suddenly turned to a side door, let himself out into another room and thence to the outer gallery surrounding the house. Here his view was unobstructed. Two gentlemen were coming up the pathway from the adjutant's office, and a soldier in immaculate uniform and side arms following a short distance behind indicated that the one in uniform was the post commander, the elder one, a distinguished looking man of nearly 60, whose pointed mustache and imperial were well nigh as white as the new fallen snow about him, whose complexion, bronzed by years of exposure to prairie sun and wind, was ruddy brown, almost like Russian leather.



"You see some one?" she asked.

Over Leale's face fell the same shadow of anxiety that was noted when he stood gazing in silence upon the sorrowing mother at the desk within. The colonel was talking in an earnest manner to the man at his side, a civilian, so far as his dress would indicate, yet a civilian with the erect carriage and brisk step of a soldier—a handsome fellow, too, of perhaps seven and twenty years. Leale turned from them with some impatience.

"I'd bet a month's pay if I ever bet a cent in the world," he muttered to himself, "that old Fenton's nephew had no thought whatever of hunting when he came here in midwinter. The question is, What else has brought him besides what I have already learned, and why does he haunt Farrar from morning till night?"

At the window the fair, girlish face brightened an instant at sight of the coming soldier, then clouded as quickly as the civilian came in view. "Mr. Ormsby again!" murmured Ellis below her breath, and the bow of recognition which she gave him in answer to the quick uplifting of his sealskin cap lacked all of the warmth and interest that beamed in Ormsby's face at sight of her. Seeing Leale, the colonel pressed on to join him on the northward porch. Catching sight of Ellis, the civilian fell back, entered the gateway and came briskly to the door. An instant later and his step was heard in the hallway. Ellis turned to the window in something not unlike aversion. The mother it was who rose eagerly to welcome the coming guest.

"Prompt as ever, Mr. Ormsby," she cried as he entered the parlor, fresh and rosy from the keen air. "I wish you might teach my husband to be more punctual at luncheon."

"Indeed I feared I was detaining him, Mrs. Farrar. He's merely stopped one moment to speak with Captain Leale. He was showing me over the barracks. You have no idea how vividly interesting all this is to me. I have shouldered the musket with the Seventh for eight years and have never visited an army post before."

"Oh, didn't you see your uncle when he was at Riley? He used to write to my husband of you time and again and of your pride in your regiment."

"No, he was in New York on recruiting service then, a few years ago, you remember, and we used to get him up to the armory or to our camp occasionally."

"And he was very, very kind to my poor boy, my Royle," said Mrs. Farrar wistfully, searching the face of her guest, "and when you came to us with letters from our old friend, for we had known him before our marriage," she continued, a faint color rising to her cheek, "it seemed almost like welcoming him. There was nothing too good for Major Fenton that our home afforded after all he tried to do, at least for—him." The sigh with which she spoke seemed to well up from the depths of the mother's heart. Ellis, with light footsteps, had left the room to greet her father on the piazza without, and for the first time since his coming, three days previous, just in time to be hemmed in and held at Frayne by the great snowfall, Mrs. Farrar was alone with her guest. "There is something I have longed to ask you, Mr. Ormsby," she went on, "something I must ask you, for a mother's intuition is keen, and I feel sure you have seen or known my poor boy in the past. Have you heard—do you know anything of him now?"

"Mrs. Farrar, I give you my word I have not the faintest idea of his whereabouts."

"Forgive me if I am intrusive, importunate," she persisted. "But—Major Fenton—he was Major Fenton then, you know, and I think of him with the title he bore when he was so good—so friendly—when my unhappy boy most needed friends. You were with your uncle often then. Did you not meet—did you not know my Royle?"

Ormsby's honest eyes betrayed the deep embarrassment under which he labored, and she, watching every sign with painful intensity, read the truth despite his faltering reply.

"Once or twice, Mrs. Farrar, but I knew him only very slightly."

"Tell me still more, Mr. Ormsby. You have been most considerate to me. You have sought to spare me, but in my husband's sad face and abstracted manner I have read the truth. He has heard news—worse news of Royle—and so you have been the bearer. Is it not so?"

But Ormsby pulled himself together, this time at least like a man, and braved her.

"I assure you it is not so, Mrs. Farrar. From me at least the colonel has heard nothing new—nothing worse. I beg you to dismiss the thought."

But he did not say that he had come prepared to tell, aye, instructed to tell, of crowning disgrace—come with the written proposition of his employers to relinquish pursuit of Royle Farrar provided the father would make good the sum they had lost through the son's forgery.

"God bless you, Mr. Ormsby, for the load you have lifted from my heart," she cried. "Ever since you came I have dreaded more and more each day that you were the bearer of evil tidings of him who has almost broken his father's heart and yet cannot, must not, shall not be beyond redemption if a mother's love and prayers are of any avail. Even Ellis has seemed to share my dread. I have read it in her manner, as perhaps you have too. She did not mean to be unkind, inhospitable to our guest, but that sorrow has overshadowed us all. Even my bright, brave Will, who is doing all a boy can do to redeem the name at the Point—even Will, I say, is sometimes confronted by the record that his erring brother left."

The tears were starting from her eyes now, and in uncontrollable emotion she turned away. Then came a loud rap at the front door, and a servant hastened to open it. A loud, cheery Irish voice resounded through the hallway an instant later. "Corporal Rorke to report to the colonel for dispatches," and, glancing thither, Ormsby saw a stout trooper, with broad, jovial, ruddy face, his burly form clad in winter service dress. Mrs. Farrar, striving to hide and to check her tears, had turned into the dining room. Ormsby stepped to the north window and glanced out upon the little group upon the porch, Ellis half shiveringly clinging to her father's arm, he intently eying Leale—Leale, with leveled glasses, steadily at gaze at some dim, black object far, far across the turbid Platte, far out to the eastward, across those snowcapped slopes.

"Can you make out what's coming, Leale?"

"I think so, colonel."

"What is it?"

Leale slowly lowered the glass, and, never turning, answered in low but positive tone:

"Our marching orders—for the agency. Red Wolf escaped. Kill Eagle's whole village has jumped for the Bad Lands."

And that meant that the Twelfth must drop its Christmasing and fetch the wanderers home.

CHAPTER II.

"Hush! Silence there!" for dimly seen through the drifts Colonel Farrar, with his little party of attendants, came riding to the front of the line. Long, long afterward they remembered that clear cut, soldierly, high bred face, with its aquiline nose, keen, kindly, deep set eyes, the gray white mustache, snow white now, as was his close cropped hair.

"Men," said he in the firm tones they had known so long and well, "fully half the band are some miles away, but Kill Eagle, with over 100 warriors, is right here in our front; so, too, are his women and children; so, too, worse luck, are some of our own unhappy captives. You all know the first thing those Indians would do, were we to attack as usual, would be to murder those poor white women. This snowstorm is in our favor. We can creep right in upon them before we charge. The ponies are down in the valley, to the south. Let the first line dash straight through the village and stampede the herd, then rally and return. Let the second follow at 100 yards and surround the tepees at the eastward end. What white women are with them are there. The Indian men, as a rule, will make a dash in the direction of the ponies. Shoot them down wherever you can, but mark my words now, be careful of the women and children. I had intended summoning Kill Eagle to surrender, but we did not begin to know he had so many warriors close at hand and did not know about the captives. Bat has seen, and that is enough. There is no other way to settle it. It's the one chance of rescuing those poor creatures. Now, keep together. Watch your officers' commands and signals, and spare the squaws and papooses. Be ready in two minutes."

And then every man took a long breath, while the colonel rode through to say similar words to the second line. Then, returning, he placed himself just in the rear of the center of the first squadron, the second line noiselessly advancing and closing up on the leaders, and then he seemed to think of another point.

"Ask Mr. Ormsby if he will ride with me," said he to the adjutant. "Now, Leale, forward at a walk. Follow Bat. It's all level ahead of you. You'll sight the village in three or four minutes."

The tall, stalwart captain touched his hat, took off his "broad brim," shaking away a load of snow, and spurred out a little to the front. There, looking back to both his right and left, he gave the signal "Forward!" and with almost a single impulse the long, dark rank of horsemen, open at the center in an interval of some half a dozen yards, without other sound than the slight rattle of accouterments and the muffled rumble of 500 hoofs, moved steadily forward. A moment the colonel sat and watched them, smiled a cordial greeting to Ormsby, who, pistol in hand, came trotting over with the adjutant; then, signaling to the second line, he, too, gave his horse the rein, and at a steady walk followed close to the center of Leale's command. In his hand at the moment he held a little pocket compass and smiled as he noted the line of direction.

"Almost due southeast at this instant," said he. "We ought to bag our game and be well across the Mini Pusa with them in less than an hour."

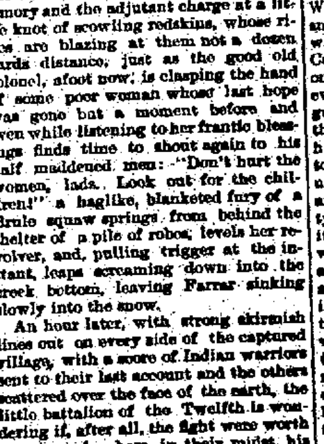
Unconsciously the pace was quickening. Foremost of all, well out in front of the center, rode the half breed Indian guide, bending low over his pony's neck, his black, beady eyes peering ahead. Well out to the right and left were other scouts, eager and alert, like Bat himself. Then, squarely in the center, on his big, powerful bay, rode Leale, commander of the foremost line, and Ormsby's soldierly heart throbbed with admiration as he marked, just before Leale was hidden from view, his spirited, confident bearing and noted how the eyes of all the line seemed fixed on their gallant leader. And now some of the horses began to dance and tug at the bit and plunge, and others to take a jog trot, for the Indian scouts were at the lope, and their gesticulations became every moment more vehement, and then Bat was seen, though visible only to the first line, to grab his revolver, and Leale's gauntleted hand almost instantly sought the holster, and out came the ready colt, its muzzle raised in air.

Out, in quick and ready imitation, leaped 100 more, and instinctively the jog changed to a lively trot, and the dull, thudding hoofs upon the snow muffled earth rose louder and more insistent, and Ormsby, riding at the colonel's left, gripped tighter his revolver and set his teeth, yet felt his heart was hammering loud; and then dimmer and dimmer grew the first line as it led away, and still the colonel's firm hand kept Roderick dancing impatiently at the slower gait, and then, just as it seemed as though the line would be swallowed up in snow and disappear from view, quick and sudden two muffled shots were heard from somewhere just in front, the first syllable perhaps of some stentorian shout of warning, and then one magnificent burst of cheers and a rush of charging men and a crash and a crackle and sputter of shots, and then fierce rallying cries and piercing screams of women and of terrified little ones, and, like some huge human wave, the first line of the Twelfth rode on and over and through the startled camp and bore like a whirlwind, yelling, down upon the pony herds beyond.

And now comes the turn of the second line. Seeking shelter from the snowstorm, warriors, women and children were for the most part within the tepees as the line crashed in. Some few were with the miserable captives, but at the first sound of danger every warrior had seized his rifle and rushed for the open air. Some few, throwing themselves upon their faces, fired wild shots at the foremost troopers as they came bounding through, but as a rule only a few opposed their passage, so sudden was the shock.

Then came the realization that the herds were being driven, and that not an instant must be lost in mounting such ponies as were still tethered about the villages, and darting away in a wide circle—away from the troops—yet concentrating again beyond them and regaining the lead. And so, where the first line met an apparently sleeping village, the second comes cheering, charging, firing, thundering through a swarming mob of yelling braves and screaming squaws.

Farrar, foremost in the charge, with the civilian guardsman close at his side, shouts warning to the women, even as he empties his pistol at the howling men. Close at his back come Amory and his sorrel troop, cheering like mad, battering over Indians too slow to jump aside and driving their hissing lead at every warrior in their path. And still the colonel shouts, "This way!" and Ormsby, Amory and the adjutant ride at his heels, and the sorrels especially follow his lead, and, dashing through a labyrinth of lodges, they rein up cheering about two grimy tepees, at which Bat is excitedly pointing and the ranchmen both are shouting the names of loved relatives and listening eagerly for answer, and thrilling voices within are crying, "Here! Here!" and stalwart men, swinging from saddle, are rushing in, pistol in hand, and tearing aside the flimsy barriers that hide the rescued captives from the eyes of their deliverers, and the other troop, re-enforced again by strong squads from Leale's rallied line, are dashing to and fro through the village, firing at the Indians who are scurrying away. Just as Amory and the adjutant charge at a little knot of scowling redskins, whose rifles are blazing at them not a dozen yards distance, just as the good old colonel, afoot now, is clasping the hand of some poor woman whose last hope was gone but a moment before and even while listening to her frantic blessings finds time to shout again to his half maddened men: "Don't hurt the women, lads. Look out for the children!" a haglike, blanketed fury of a Brule squaw springs from behind the shelter of a pile of robes, levels her revolver, and, pulling trigger at the instant, leaps screaming down into the creek bottom, leaving Farrar sinking slowly into the snow.



Levels her revolver.

An hour later, with strong skirmish lines out on every side of the captured village, with a score of Indian warriors sent to their last account and the others scattered over the face of the earth, the little battalion of the Twelfth is wondering if, after all, the fight were worth winning, for here in their midst, his head on Leale's arm, his fading sight fixed on the tear dimmed eyes of his faithful comrade, here lies their beloved old colonel, his last messages murmured in that listening ear: "Leale—old friend—find—find that poor girl—my—my son robbed and ruined and deserted—and be the friend to her—you've been to me—and mine. God bless"—

And this—while the regiment, obeying its stern duty, goes on in pursuit—this is the news Jack Ormsby has to break to the loving, breaking hearts at Frayne.

CHAPTER III.

All this was but part and parcel of the story of the old Wyoming fort. Long years had it served as refuge and resting place for the emigrants in the days before the Union Pacific was built, when the overland stage route followed the Platte to the Sweetwater and then past the Devil's Gate and Independence Rock, old landmarks of the Mormons, and on to the backbone of the continent, where the mountain streams, springing from rocky beds not long pistol shot apart, flowed rippling away, the one to the Missouri and the gulf of Mexico, the other to the Colorado and that of California. Frayne was but a huge stockade in the early days of the civil war, but the government found it important from a strategical point of view even after the railway spanned the Rockies and the emigrant and the settler no longer trudged the weary trail that, bordering the Sioux country, became speedily a road of fire and blood second only in its terrors to the Smoky Hill route through "bleeding Kansas."

Once it was the boast of the Dakotas, as it has been for generations of their enemies, the Absarakas, or Crows, that they had never shed the blood of a white man. Settlers of the old days used to tell how the Sioux had followed them for long, long marches, not to murder and pillage, but to restore to them items lost along the trail or animals strayed from their little herds. But there came an end to all this when, resisting an unjust demand, the Sioux being fired upon, retaliated. From the day of the Grattan massacre beyond old Laramie there had been no real peace with the lords of the northwest. They are quiet only when subdued by force. They have broken the crust of their environment time and again and burst forth in the seething flame of a volcano that is ever bubbling and boiling beneath the feet of the frontiersman to this day.

And so Frayne was maintained as a military post for years, first as a stockade, then as a subdepot of supplies, garrisoned by four companies of infantry and four of cavalry, the former to hold the fort, the latter to scour the neighboring country. Then, as time wore on and other posts were built farther up in the Big Horn, Frayne's garrison dwindled, but there stood upon its commanding bluff the low rows of wooden barracks, the parallel rows of double sets of broad piazzaed quarters where dwelt the officers, the long, low, log riveted walls of the corrals and cavalry stables on the flat below. Here, oddly enough, the Twelfth had spent a lively year or two before it went to Arizona. Here it learned the Sioux country and the Sioux so well that when, a few years back, the ghost dance craze swept over the plains and mountains like the plague, the old regiment was hurried from its sunshiny stations in the south and mustered once again, four troops at least, within the very walls that long before had echoed to its trumpets. Here we found them in the midst of the Christmas preparations that were turned so suddenly into summons to the field, and here again, three years later still, headquarters and six troops now, the proud old regiment is still at Frayne, and Fenton, "vice Farrar, killed in action with hostile Indians," holds the command.

A good soldier is Fenton, a brave fellow, a trifle rough at times, like the simple plains bred dragoon he is, but a gentleman, with a gentle heart in his breast for all the stern exterior. Women said of him that all he needed to make him perfect was polish, and all he needed to give him polish was a wife, for at 54 the grizzled colonel was a bachelor. But Fenton had had his romance in early youth. He had loved with all his big heart, so said tradition, a New York belle and beauty whom he knew in his cadet days, and who, so rumor said, preferred another, whom she married before the war, and many a garrison belle had since set her cap for Fenton, and found him faithful to his early love. But, though the ladies often speculated as to the identity of the woman who had held the colonel's heart in bondage all these years and blocked the way for all successors, no one of their number had ever heard her name or ever knew the truth. One officer there was in the Twelfth who, like Fenton himself, was a confirmed bachelor and who was said to be possessed of the whole story, but there was no use asking Malcolm Leale to sell anybody's secrets, and when Fenton came to Frayne, promoted to the command so recently held by a man they all loved and honored, it was patent to everybody that he felt sorely, as though he were an usurper. Fenton was many long miles away with another battalion of the Twelfth the day of the tragic battle on the Mini Pusa, and it was long months thereafter before he appeared at regimental headquarters, and then he brought with him as his housekeeper his maiden sister Lucretia, and in Lucretia Fenton—the dreamiest, dowdiest, kindliest, quaintest middle aged prattler that ever lived, moved and had her being in the army—the ladies of the Twelfth found so much to make merry over that they well nigh forgot and forgave the unflattering indifference to feminine fascinations of her brother, the colonel.

When Fenton came, the Farrars, widowed mother and devoted daughter, had been gone some weeks. The shock of her husband's death had well nigh shaken Mrs. Farrar's reason, and for months her condition was indeed deplorable. The next summer the Farrars spent at West Point. It was Will's first class camp, and Will was cadet captain of the color company, and a capital young officer despite a boyish face and manner, and then Jack Ormsby, who never before had "taken much stock in West Point"—the battalion looked so small beside the Seventh, and the band was such a miserable little affair after Cappa and his superb array—Jack not only concluded that he must go up there every few days to pick up points on guard and sentry duty and things of that kind, but Jack decided that Kitty, his precious sister, might as well go, too, and spend a fortnight, and she did, under the wing of a matron from Gotham with daughters of her own, and Kitty Ormsby, only 16 and as full of vivacity, grace, sprightliness and winning ways as girl could be, pretty as a peach and brimming over with fun, coquetry and sweetness combined, played havoc in the corps of cadets, and—could anything have been more fortunate?—the victim most helplessly, hopelessly, utterly gone was Cadet Captain Will Farrar. To the consternation of the widowed mother she saw her handsome soldier boy led day after day more deeply into the meshes—led like a slave or like the

(Continued on page four.)

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SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1897.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR ADDITIONAL LAW JUDGE,
THOMAS A. MORRISON,
of Smethport.

FOR CORONER,
E. R. SHERMAN,
of Bradford.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER,
WALTER OSTRANDER,
of Liberty Township.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To [illegible]:—You are authorized to announce that I am a candidate for the office of Additional Law Judge of the 48th Judicial District, subject to the rules of the Democratic party.

EUGENE MULLIN.

Bradford, Pa., March [illegible].

PITTSBURGH had a $4,000,000 fire last Sunday.

THE liquor dealers of Lancaster county paid $94,175 for their license this year.

LAST Wednesday the House of Representatives at Harrisburg passed the [illegible] bill by 130 yeas to 32 nays. This bill passed the Senate about two weeks ago, a synopsis of which printed in the MINER.

THERE were four men killed one week recently while sparring with gloves. It is time to prohibit the stomach blows that are becoming so fatal. A blow from a fist in the pit of the stomach, even when covered with a padded glove, seems to be almost as fatal as a bullet fired from a gun.

DEMOCRATS are displaying great interest in the welfare of the Republican party. The last case of anxiety that seems to trouble the unterrified is, if the Dingley bill becomes a law it will have a tendency to injure the Republicans. Great Scott! *four years of* their own medicine has truly made them sick at the stomach.

FATE seems determined to prevent our hard working legislature from accomplishing a very large amount of work. Last February the legislative halls were destroyed by fire, and after getting pleasantly located in a church the trustees of that edifice threaten to fire the law makers out on the charge that liquor is being carried into the church.

THE National Tinplate Co. of Anderson, Ind., has decided to locate its projected new plant near Belle Vernon, on the north side of the Monongahela river, near Pittsburg. This will be the largest tinplate mill in the United States and will give employment to about 300 men. This is in spite of Democratic predictions that tin plate could not be manufactured in this country on a paying basis.

THE St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: Ex-Vice President Stevenson says "the next President will be a real Democrat." This is too vague. What kind of a Democrat is a "real Democrat"? There are at least four distinct divisions of Democrats—Bryanites, Clevelandites, anti Bryanites who are not Clevelandites, and anti Clevelandites who are opposed to all three of the other elements. These days when a man is said to be a Democrat the country needs plans and specifications in order to be able to "place" him.

POTTER'S PROHIBITORY LAW.

The Kane Republican of last Monday in a lengthy editorial on the license question, refers to Potter county in the following language:

"A man need not be in the towns of Coudersport, Austin or Galeton ten minutes without a drink of whiskey if he wants it. The probabilities are that, before that time elapses he will be invited to take a drink even if he doesn't want it. If the C & P. A. and Goodyear railroads would open their books to investigation the appalling fact would be shown that more private families in Potter county were being furnished with intoxicants from Olean and Buffalo than any other county in the Commonwealth of three times its population."

The above is only too true, but the major portion is mainly due to the extensive lumbering interests that are going on there at the present time, and has been for a number of years. The men who are engaged in doing the manual labor necessary to bring the extensive forests of Potter county to market in the shape of lumber, labor from early morn until darkness sends them to their poor quarters, which answers the purpose of a home. They have no social enjoyments and consequently indulge when opportunity offers in the cup that for a brief time makes them forget their toil and hardship. And to make it doubly worse there are always a lot of parasites, too lazy to do an honest day's work and without honor or self respect, who boldly defy the laws of the Commonwealth by starting "pig's ears" into which the hardy sons of toil are induced to enter and partake of the poisonous stuff that is sold there, which robs them of their manhood and in their inebriated condition crime sometimes follows. As the owners of "pig's ears" are under no bonds like the licensed hotel man, to keep the peace, all he is after is the hard earned money of the lumberman, for, if trouble arises, like the Arab he can steal away in the night and one of his ilk will take possession of the vacated quarters the next day and the deadfall continues to catch the poor hard-working lumberman.

While such conditions prevail in the lumbering sections of Potter county the farming portion is conducted on a far different principle. The MINER will venture the assertion that there is no community of its size in the State that lives more in accordance with the prohibitory laws of the Commonwealth than do the other settled portions of Potter. [illegible] the lumbering interests of the old county are ended and with them this blotch on her fair name.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 3, 1897.—The Republican members of the Senate Finance Committee have completed the work of amending the Dingley tariff bill, and unless the Democratic members of the committee cause some unnecessary delay the bill will be reported to the Senate this week. The bill has not been made public, but it is known that it has been amended in *nearly every schedule, and that as a* rule the amendments provide for slightly lowering the duties from those in the original bill, although in some cases they are raised. The bill is still a distinctly Republican protective measure, just as everybody knew it would be, but whether on the whole it is an improvement on the original bill is, of course, largely a matter of personal opinion. The average Republican only asks for a tariff that will protect all Republican industries and products alike, and is not disposed to haggle over the precise rate of duty to be imposed on any particular article or articles. It is claimed by the Senators who have framed these amendments that they are intended to increase the revenues of the government without any sacrifice of the principle of protection.

Senator Frye doesn't believe the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty with Hawaii, which the *sugar trust* is demanding through its lobby, is possible. He said: "The representatives of the sugar trust are now seeking the abrogation of this treaty with more than usual energy and activity. They are deeply interested in abrogation, and I don't know of anyone else who is. In their efforts to secure their own interests they are misrepresenting the disadvantages to the *United States from* this treaty and concealing the advantages. The advantages are manifold and the disadvantages small."

There are few people around Washington who do no believe that the annexation of Hawaii is one of the certainties of the near *future*. Whether the recently reported attitude of Japan towards Hawaii will result in hastening annexation is yet to be determined. An official speaking of the matter said: "This government is not alarmed or annoyed by the reports of Japanese restlessness and loud war talk. That nation has not recovered from its victory over China yet, and it feels as if it owns the world. A little bluster will do no harm to anyone, but you may rest assured that the Japanese will do nothing more than bluster. After the tariff bill has been disposed of, the Senate may have an opportunity to act upon a treaty providing for the annexation of Hawaii. Meanwhile you may be sure that the U. S. navy will back Hawaii in enforcing its immigration laws, against the Japanese or any other nationality."

President McKinley touched the electric button that started the machinery of the Tennessee centennial exposition, at Nashville, and later he expects to visit the exposition in person and carry with him as many members of his cabinet as can go. He has expressed much interest in the success of the exposition.

If President McKinley had never until within the last ten days thought of annulling some of the extensions of the civil service rules made by Mr. Cleveland, the facts brought out during that time would have started him to thinking about it. Testimony taken by the Senate committee that is investigating this subject has already made it plain that the whole thing was manipulated to the advantage of Democrats and the disadvantage of of Republicans, and entirely regardless of the best interests of the public service. At the last meeting of this committee letters were read from Postmaster General Gary and from Secretary Long, in favor of changing, and Public Printer Palmer fired this broadside: "As applied to this office (government printing office) which is simply a great manufacturing plant, involving varied branches of skilled labor of high grade, the civil service rules are, in my judgment, an obstruction rather than an aid to efficiency and economy. In my opinion the civil service rules as promulgated for enforcement here should be modified radically, suspended or repealed." Hon. N. B. Scott, the West Virginia member of the Republican National Committee, who has been tendered the position of commissioner of internal revenue, says that he doesn't want the place and will not take it unless the extension of the civil service rules to collectors and gaugers is rescinded.

Secretary Alger has abolished the spy system of keeping the time of the employes of the war department, which was adopted under the Cleveland administration and which has been a source of much irritation to the employes. General Alger takes the ground that a man who cannot be trusted to do his duty without being watched is unworthy of employment by the government, or by anybody else, and the war department clerks will hereafter work on honor.

DUN'S REPORT

In spite of moderate improvement in most of the great industries, business is disappointing. Expectations of speedy end of war in Europe through Turkish victory have helped to depress grain. Demands of Austria and China have caused exports of $6,500,000 in gold, merchandise imports are greatly increased, and final action of Congress on the revenue question seems more remote. Floods at the west continue, and the new tariff proposed for Canada is thought likely to affect trade with that country to some extent. Business in this city was suspended a day, but the ceremony in honor of President Grant brought hither such a multitude that local trade has been remarkably large. The country is just now unusually free from important labor troubles, but there are strikes in some cities in the building trades, and others of magnitude are threatened in iron mines and manufacture.

Wheat rose last Saturday nearly 2 cts., but has fallen since that day about 3 cts. This is largely because European markets did not sustain the expectation of a great foreign demand after the outbreak of war, and because events appeared to foreshadow speedy peace, but the sidings from wheat growing States, the receipts from farms and the enormous exports of corn, all had influence. Corn exports have been 13,250,197 bushels in four weeks against 4,495,679 last year, while Atlantic exports of wheat in the same weeks, flour included, have been only 4,231,348 bushels, against 4,597,215 last year. Now is this surprising, for if in use two bushels of corn only equal one bushel of wheat, the two bushels of corn would cost about 60 cts. and the one bushel wheat nearly 80 cts. Western receipts have been reduced, perhaps in part by floods and interruption of traffic. The cotton market has advanced a quarter of a cent, owing mainly to a speculative impulse from England, but the delay in abatement of floods and their continued destructiveness afford an apparent reason.

PERSONAL.—The gentleman who annoyed the congregation last Sunday by continually coughing will find instant relief by using One Minute Cough Cure, a speedy and harmless remedy for throat and lung troubles. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

T. F. Anthony, Ex-Postmaster of Promise City, Iowa, says: "I bought one bottle of Mystic Cure for Rheumatism, and two doses of it did me more good than any medicine I ever took." Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport.

E. V. Daly calls your attention to the fact that he has a fine line of buggies and carriages for sale at reasonable prices.

MAKING THE CONSTABLES SEE.

Judge Brubaker of Lancaster, following a recent example in the license court in Philadelphia, has been prodding the constables for their failure to report violations of law, and from the commendation which his deliverance has received from the State newspapers, it is plain that the same dereliction prevails in almost every county, and the constables in other places are liable to feel the prick of the judicial stick.

It is notorious that the quarterly returns of constables are only a perfunctory performance and *scarcely ever* is any violation of law reported. And yet they take an oath of office that they will perform all their duties faithfully, and one of these duties is to report all violations of the liquor law or the existence of any disorderly or improper house. That such places do exist is known to almost half of the residents of every city, but the constables somehow manage always to belong to the other half. And *they* come into court every three months and calmly report that there have been no violations of law in this direction, to their knowledge, in their bailiwick.

The excuse usually given by the constables for their failure to make report of such places is that they can secure no evidence against them. But this will not answer. It is not their duty to procure a conviction. It is their duty simply to report a supposed breach of the law. After this done, the matter passes into the hands of the prosecuting attorney and the innocence or guilt of the accused can be judicially determined. If every officer waited until he had incontrovertible evidence before he arrested a supposed criminal there would be little, if any, legal protection to society. If the constables do their full duty there may possibly be gathered into the drag net a few innocent persons, but this happens almost every day when arrests are made by police officers.

Judge Brubaker announces that he is not seeking to entrap the constables into committing a crime, but the fact that he is taking down their testimony and that if this be found to be untrue he will indict them for perjury, shows that he means to have them report not only all that their eyes see, but that he means also to help them open their eyes and see as well as the ordinary citizen.—Phila. Times.

ACT OF ASSEMBLY.

Brother Colcord of the Potter Journal has been kind enough to call our attention to the Act of Assembly in regard to wide tired wagons, which we had overlooked. Here is the act:

An act to encourage the use of wide tires upon wagons upon the public highways of this Commonwealth.

Section 1. Be it enacted, etc., that all persons who shall own and use only draft wagons on the public highways of this Commonwealth with tires not less than four inches in width for hauling loads of not less than two thousand pounds weight shall, for each year after the passage of this act, receive a rebate of one-fourth of their assessed highway tax: Provided, however, such rebate shall not exceed in any one year five days labor on the highways for road or highway tax, or its equivalent in cash, to any one person.

Section 2. Any person complying with the provisions of section one of this act, who shall make and subscribe to an affidavit that he, she or they has, for the preceeding year, owned and used only such wagons with tires not less than four inches in width for hauling loads of not less than two thousand pounds in weight on the public highways of this Commonwealth, shall be credited by the supervisors of highways of their respective districts in which such tax is levied and assessed with one fourth of the road tax assessed and levied on the property of such person. Such credit shall not exceed in any one year five days labor on the highways for road or highway tax to any one person, or its equivalent in cash, and any supervisor of highways is hereby authorized to administer such oath.

Section 3. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed. Approved—The 25th day of June, 1895.

FIRST RAILROAD IN AMERICA.

Gridley Bryant, a civil engineer, in 1826 projected the first railroad in the United States. It was built for the purpose of carrying granite from the quarries of Quincy, Mass., to the nearest tidewater. Its length was four miles, including branches, and its first cost $50,000. The sleepers were of stone and were laid across the track eight feet apart. Upon rails of wood, six inches thick, wrought iron plates, three inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick were spiked. At the crossings stone rails were used, and as the wooden rails became unserviceable they were replaced by others of stone.—May Ladies' Home Journal.

A TERRIBLE fire broke out in a charitable bazaar in Paris, France, the first of the week wherein it is claimed that 350 persons lost their lives. The horrible suffering of the poor unfortunates is indescribable.

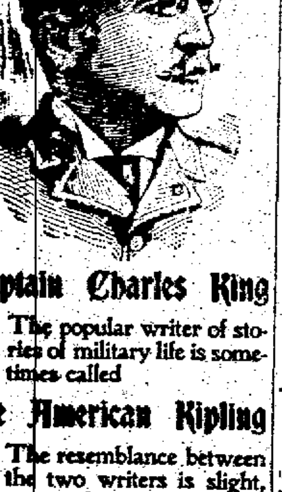
Said a gentleman from Dunkirk, "I have ridden the 'Old Hickory' wheel over cobblestone pavements and find that it gives the greatest ease in riding and is the most durable.

D. M. BRASTED.

Wm. Masser has placed in his shops on Water street all kinds of machinery for the manufacture of builder's material, such as moulding, siding, ceiling and surfaced lumber of all kinds.

Unconditional surrender, is the only term those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers will make with constipation, sick headache and stomach troubles. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Itch on human, mange on horses, dogs and all stock, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.



Captain Charles King

The popular writer of stories of military life is sometimes called

The American Kipling

The resemblance between the two writers is slight, except that each writes of army life in a masterful manner. Captain King was famous before Kipling was heard of and is today the foremost American novelist.

Fort Frayne

is Captain King's latest story and is one of his most charming tales of frontier life. You may

Read It In This Paper.

A Letter From Chili.

[illegible]

[illegible] It is a hard thing to decide where to begin and equally as hard an ending. I think I will avoid this by beginning at the commencement of my journey and giving your readers a few pictures of the trip, from New York to Santiago; then in my next letter a description of Santiago with its many attractions; next, of Concepcion; then in my next of names and customs of the people etc. But to resume the thread of my discourse.

First, let me take you with me, in imagination, to New York city, go with me to the North river and take your first view of the good ship "Advance," on which we, in company with fifteen other missionaries, are to spend a week en route to our "Chilly" home. The Advance was a small steamer compared with those on the Pacific coast, but it is a model of neatness with many of the modern conveniences *for comfort*, and our state room was one of the best on the steamer. As we leave the wharf and watch the swiftly receding shores of our native land a strange feeling comes over one of which no attempt at description can be given, as one realizes that he is leaving the dear home land and familiar faces perhaps forever. But the thought that all this is for "His name's sake" and to tell the "old story" of His love for sinners dispels all sad thoughts, and we go cheerfully onward. But, alas! on the morrow we become painfully aware that we are of the "earth earthy", for we are rapidly paying tribute to Neptune and are realizing something to which our aspirations never in their wildest flights could have dreamed of—viz: that we are a contributor to the Atlantic. Heigh ho! It makes me sigh even yet as I think of that first week when I suffered all the torments of the lost, it seems to me, in my struggles with sea sickness, and what I don't know about sea sickness is hardly worth knowing. However, I lost about 20 pounds avoirdupois during my voyage, and this perhaps was as practical a demonstration as is necessary. On Sunday I thought I must make an effort to sit up for an hour and attend the church service, and did so and my risibilities were taxed to their utmost to see the people all rush into the dining room when the gong sounded to see what new meal was to be served, and the disappointed looks when they emerged from it. Very few came to the services except our own party, but this was not so strange as we had many on board of different nationalities who could not understand English. We went on a tour of sight seeing after services and beheld the beautiful blue waters of the Caribbean Sea, and saw the stately palm trees on the shore, and that was the last of sight seeing (unless we except the view of the ceaseless promenade past the state room window) as we were prisoners not of state, but in state rooms until the day we landed at Colon.

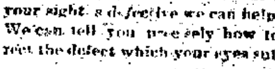
We reached Colon at 9 a. m. Wednesday and remained there until 2 p. m. and seized the opportunity to go on terra firma once more. We called on the American Consul at this place (who had been on board the steamer from New York with us) and *felt like* giving three cheers when we first caught sight of the American flag and when we went in the office and saw our President McKinley's picture, we said softly, "Hurrah for McKinley!" The streets of Colon remind one of the pictures of oriental streets, and the tall palms add to the impression. The English and Americans are residents in one part of the town and the French in another. We saw the statue of Columbus. The home of the Consul is most attractive and the view of the sea is delightful. At 2 p. m. we left for the most enjoyable part of our journey that across the Isthmus by railroad. The scenery was wild and weird in the extreme. The houses presented a stilted appearance, being built on four posts and the space underneath utilized as a barn. Dogs and cats promenaded around together in brotherly love, while pigs and chickens, ducks and goats vied with each other in *paying their* respects to the passing train. We saw men busily engaged at work on the ship canal. Just in the stilly twilight we reached Panama, each of us armed with grips, telescopes and an endless amount of shawls, &c., and we six, the new missionaries, took up our line of march for a hotel. We were forcibly reminded again of an oriental city, by the crooked, narrow streets with the houses built on and opening on the sleepers. The streets are all paved. After a long tramp we reached our hotel. This was a large one, built in the form of a square and four stories high, and we were assigned to the topmost story. Arriving at our destination we found on entering that we had roused into both action and being a horde of fleas, who at once began their work of vivisection. The furniture consisted of two pretty iron bedsteads, bureau and wash stand, center table, rocking chairs and two relics of the "*light of other days*", better known as candles. We were summoned to the dining room and endeavored to partake of our first Spanish meal—12 courses—but our wrestle with sea sickness had been too recent to admit of such a profuse diet, consequently we indulged only in a light meal of bread and water, and this diet we conscientiously followed during our stay there. After dinner we endeavored to settle down in the arms of morpheus, but the aforesaid fleas hindered us and at the hour of 2 we were fully aroused by the sound of music on the streets and on rushing to the window found that a Moorish band with full orchestral accompaniment in the way of pattering feet, were treating us to a first-class serenade and dance. The music was excellent. Early the next morning we sallied forth to view the sights of the city, one of which is the sea wall, another the old fort, the ruins of two *old churches*, the market and postoffice. In the afternoon we went on board the "Chili," a magnificent English steamer, elegantly equipped with electric lights, upholstered furniture and water in state rooms. The state rooms all opened out on decks and were much larger and better ventilated than those on the other side. This steamer had on board a great number of animals, so at night we had the benefit of concerts, in which the shrill tenor of the piccalo (pig's blow) was mingled with the basso profundo of two full-sized calves, who made night hideous with their plaintiff walls. All this was energetically kept up for a week, until they reached their destination when their owners came and got them and it was with a great sense of relief that we saw them depart. We noticed how passengers were taken on board in a large hog head with the front cut out and a seat in it large enough for one. They were hoisted up by means of a rope and pulley. It looked very funny to see them.

At Callao we lay in port five days, during which we six remained on the Chili while the others of the party tranferred to another steamer. We attended the M. E. church at Callao, to which no stranger is admitted without a card. We took with us in addition to our party two reinforcements in the way of officers. Services are held in a small hall. On Monday the *entire* party, *except myself*, went to Lima and spent the day. The monotony of our voyage was interspersed with frequent stops at ports along the way, but the monotony of sea sickness was unvaried, and when at the end of three weeks we reached Valparaiso no one felt greater delight than did your humble servant. We immediately proceeded to the custom house where our Saratoga proved the "scape goat" for the other trunks, and it having passed the scrutiny of the officials we were soon en route for Santiago, where we arrived Jan. 30, at midnight, tired but happy, and here we leave you.

ADDA G. BURCH.

COMING IN MAY

FREE EYE EXAMINATION.



Tears Without Grief,
Do you shed them?

Can you read fine print without shedding tears? Do your eyes ache when you read by lamp light? Does the wind or strong light cause them to water? If your sight is defective we can help you. We can tell you precisely how to correct the defect which your eyes suffer.

Prof. HOUSEWORTH,
Eye Specialist,
Formerly with Queen & Co., Phila.
At the store of
M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Smethport, Pa.

One Minute Cough Cure, cures. That is what it was made for.

THE ADVANCE AGENT OF HEALTH

WARNER'S
SAFE
KIDNEY AND LIVER

Miniature Fac-Simile.

IT IS PLEASANT

To be able to present our customers such a large assortment of exquisite spring fabrics.

Our stock contains goods suitable for all ages, and women of limited resources who aspire to be well dressed or have their children well dressed can obtain that which fashion decrees is the right style at very low prices.

Now is the time to buy your Summer Underwear. My stock is complete both for Gents and Ladies.

J. Colegrove.

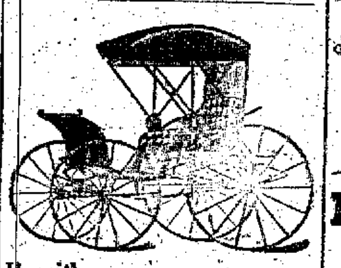
Next to Bank,
Smethport, Pa.

If the SIGN of a good Drug Store is the number of its customers, we have reached a high state of goodness.

This condition is not accidental. We have always endeavored to supply the very best grade of drugs and medicines at the lowest prices. If the market value of a drug goes up, we increase our price, rather than substitute a poor quality at a lower figure. This insures uniformity, a matter of much importance in the sick room.

Our supply of toilet articles, perfumery and novelties is large and varied.

McCOYS DRUG STORE.
Smethport, Pa.



It will pay you to see our stock of

Carriages, Harness & Bicycles

before you buy.

Oak Leather Harness & Carriage Co.,
192 Union Street,
OLEAN, N. Y.

Sign GRAY HORSE.

Don't You Think

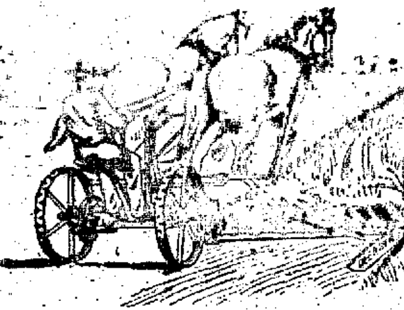
A pretty, new Hammock would look well and be a comfort in your garden especially as the prices are so low this year?

See WELLS'S new stock at the

Opera House Drug Store,
Smethport, Pa.

PUBLIC TELEPHONE
PAY STATION.

One Minute Cough Cure, cures. That is what it was made for.



DEERING IDEAL MOWERS

With Ball and Roller Bearings.

They are the only Mowers that can be drawn at a slow walk or started without backing in any crop. The only Mowers with serrated ledger plates, perfect shear cutting knives with spring steel clips. The only Mowers with adjustable drag bar to keep the knife in line and protect the pitman.

Hill Side and Flat Land Plows,

Spring tooth, spike tooth and disk harrow, farmer's favorite seed and fertilizer drills. This drill can be used for sowing fertilizer alone, or broadcast if preferred. In fertilizers we include dry wood ashes, lime sifted, and land plaster.

We have top buggies, road wagons, platform wagons surreys, phaetons, carts, &c.

NOURSE BROS.,
Smethport, Penn'a.
BACKUS BLOCK, Opposite Court House.

Ladies' New Dress Goods

Are taking the lead at my store at the present time. We have the largest line and the handsomest assortment.

The other departments are stocked in the usual up-to-date manner.

Call and examine.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Goods Sold Will be for Cash.

YOUR WHEEL

Will need Enameling.
I have placed an oven in my shop and am prepared to do this work as well as it can be done at the factory.

Ornamenting a Specialty.
Any Color. Prices Reasonable.

C. A. OLMSTEAD.

Shop on Water St.

Spring and Summer Suits.

Leave your orders now for suits. The patterns this year are way above the average, and our tailoring department was never so complete. In addition to this we carry an unrivaled stock of

READY-MADE SUITS,

For all ages. Children's suits from $1.00 up. Prices that correspond with the times.

Call and we will convince you that there not a clothing house outside of the very large cities that will give you such real bargains.

H. W. Rubin & Co,
The Clothiers,

Mrs. E. E. CHAMBERS,

Successor to Mrs. T. D. Nash.

Having purchased of Mrs. T. D. Nash on May 1st, 1897 her entire, stock and large

Millinery Establishment,

I am, and hereafter will be, prepared to furnish the old customers of this store and as many new ones as may see the benefit to be derived by purchasing at this store a complete line of the latest and most fashionable

Millinery and Dress Goods

to befound in this section, and the prices are below the very lowest.

A visit to my store will convince you.

MRS. E. E. CHAMBERS.

PALACE PHARMACY.

Under the new management the store will be stocked with a new and complete line of

Drugs, Patent Medicines,
Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Soaps, Brushes, &c.

Parties in need of a TRUSS or EYE GLASSES will be greatly benefitted by giving us a call. As our stock is very large we will close them out at reduced prices.

BURG CHADWICK, M. D., Prop.,
Smethport, Penna.

The Big Store

Offers you special inducemets to purchase your housefurnishings from them.

During this month we will make special prices on many goods. We have a fine line of new Carpets, Mattings, Draperies, Rugs, Poles, Lace Curtains, Linoleums, Wall Papers, Furniture, Etc. We buy our goods in large lots, buy cheap and sell cheaper than any other firm.

NOTICE A FEW PRICES:

Matting 16c worth 20, Fish Nets 15c. Lace Curtains $1 per window, Shades 15c. Best all wool Ingrains 50c (4 patterns). Rich Wilton Velvets 95c and up. Finest of Brussels 90c. Beautiful Moquette Rugs 27x63 inches $1.98. Handsome designs in new wall papers 2½c, 3c and 4c. Roll borders (2 band) 2c yard. We have over 1,000 different patterns to select from.

Our furniture department is a surprise, every one says, "Why I didn't know you had such a nice store in Olean." We will save you money on all purchases in our line. To all of our friends and customers who are waiting for our agent, we will say he will be unable to call this spring. Our trade here is very large and we are behind in our orders. If you will come to Olean we will allow you R. R. fare on $25 00 purchase.

It will pay you to trade with

ANDREWS & CONKLING,
129 Union St. Housefurnishers,
OLEAN, N. Y. We pay freight.
We sew carpet.

OLMSTED BROS.

In our Crockery Department we are offering:

100 piece Dinner Sets for $9.00, $10.00 and $11.00.	
56 piece Tea Sets	$5.00.
10 piece Chamber Sets,	$2.50 to 3.50.
12 peice Chamber Sets,	$4.25 to 4.50.

We carry a full line of plain white and decorated ware, such as Saucers, Plates, Platters, Baakers, Sauce Dishes, Bowls, Butter Dishes, Sugar Bowls, Cream Pitchers, Etc.

Our line of Laies' and Gents Neckwear, Men's Hats, Caps and Kid Gloves are up-to-date, and if you give us a call we can show you the latest styles in these goods.

Remdmber about our Carpets, Linoleum, Matting, Oil Cloth, Etc.

The Variety Store,
Reilly Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

Where are We at?

Our Office is at
Smethport, McKean County, Pa.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
HOO-HOO.

BUT

We are with You if you wish to Buy

Lumber
Lath
Shingles
Siding
Flooring
Ceiling
Moulding
Doors
Windows
Screens
Glass.

Only a sample order will convince you that You're with Us

Call and see us, or write us for quotations.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

RELIABLE GAS RANGES,

45 STYLES

Each one of a hundred points has helped to make RELIABLE GAS RANGES popular. We cannot tell them all here, but we will show them if you call on us.

RELIABLE GAS RANGES are used all around you. Ask why people like them. Those who have ranges always have some complaint. We have never heard of one from the use of a Reliable.

A gas range will last for a good share of a lifetime. You might as well have a good one. Do yourself the justice of learning of Reliables.

Made in 45 styles, from the cheapest up.

RUBBER PAINT.

Rubber Paint is the paint that sometimes lasts years after common paint has been re-painted. Time and weather seem to have no effect on it. It is brighter than common paint and stays bright longer. We have had a dozen years of experience with it, and it is the pride of our paint department.

Sold ready for use in all sizes of cans and colors.

SPRING

Paint Brushes 5c to $2.00.
Whitewash Brushes.
Window and Floor Brushes.
Varnishes and Oils.
Sanitary Mucaline.
Carpet Beaters.
Furniture Beaters.
Gold Medal Carpet Sweepers.

NECESSITIES

Rubber Door Mats.
Wire Door Mats.
Cocoa Door Mats.
Step Ladders.
Lawn Rakes.
Carpet Stretchers.
Hose of every kind.
Furniture Polish.

L. EMERY, JR., & CO.,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.
EMERY & WEAVER. Bradford, Pa.

Mention the *Miner* when writing or calling.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

LADIES'

Spring . Wraps!

Large up-to-date stock.
Prices to suit everybody.

SEE!

The NEW
Hammocks
Draperies
Dress Trimmings
Fancy Silks
Irish Point Curtains
Shirt Waists
Neckwear
Gloves
Straw Hats
Fancy Shirts.

FOOTWEAR.

These goods harmonize with May 1st, 1897.

GROCERIES.

We are right to the front in Prices and Qualities.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

GENERAL MERCHANTS,
Smethport, Pa.

April 30, 1897.

Mention the Miner when writing or calling.

CRAYONS,

The best ever offered in Smethport. Strictly high grade. From $10.00 to $15.00, worth $25.00. Crayons from $3.50 (frame included) up. This work will surprise you. Order at once.

Portraits are still of the best quality. No need to go out of town for this work.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer,
Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1897.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Are you going to the circus to-day.

—Gov. Hastings has caught the bicycle fever.

—Hi Henry's minstrels will be in Olean Monday, May 10.

—See Ed Norman, the bee keeper's, local advertisement.

—A new floor has been laid in the Grand Central barber shop.

—There are 21 star boarders in Castle Davis—20 males, one female.

—The Miner is under obligations to Herman Sabe for favors rendered.

—J. A. Hiller has been suffering with an attack of the grip for the past week.

—The side walks at the west end of Main street are in a dangerous condition.

—Comrade A. H. Pierce has been quite ill at his hotel on Water street for some time.

—Memorial day will soon be here. Make preparation to observe the event properly.

—Walter Evans set out Greggs black caps, Fay's colossal and a Columbia on his lot recently.

—We are under obligations to Mrs. Walter Evans for a beautiful bouquet sent us yesterday.

—Attorney Allen Oviatt is now prepared to furnish law from the rooms over Rubin & Co's store.

—Miss Ida Bennett now rides a new full-nickled Rambler, purchased of Dr. F. C. Pierce, the agent.

—Jerry Burns of Irish Hollow, who has been reported as dangerously ill, is on a fair way to recovery.

—Fourth of July is coming and it behooves the committee to make every effort for a successful celebration.

—H. C. Wells invites you through his adv. to come and recline in his hammocks. They are easy he says.

—The "Old Racket Man" has a new advertisement this week. He is still at the front with his popular prices.

—McCoy's Drug Store is never behind the times as will be seen by reading the advertisement in another column.

—Capt. E. R. Mayo has had a private office partitioned off in the rear of his office in the Odd Fellows' building.

—The Pittsburg Times says "May came in with a sprinkling can." Mistake, May tapped a barrel in this section.

—The following letters remain in the postoffice for the week ending May 1: John Morrison, Mrs. Elsworth Stevens.

—L. Church, father of M. L. Church, has moved into the house on Franklin street lately occupied by Thos. Hungiville.

—Justice Steinhauer of Clermont committed Mike O'Donnell to jail on the charge of abuse and making threats last week.

—Will Morrison enjoyed his first ride across Kinzua bridge Tuesday and he says the ground is good enough for him hereafter.

—Claude Green and William Burkett were committed to jail by Justice Griffith of Kane, on the charge of larceny last Saturday.

—There will be an apple pie social at the M. E. chapel to-night. There will B. A. P., E. A. P., and last but not least N. A. P.

—The McKean Bros., shot a well on their lease near Buttsville last week that is proving one of the best producers they have so far drilled.

—The band boys have been unable to give their weekly concerts recently owing to rain. Weather permitting they will play to-morrow night.

—Albert L. Colegrove has been confined to the house for several days with a severe attack of grip.—We are pleased to state that he is improving.

—The following marriage licenses have been granted: John J. Leroy and Sarah Madigan, and William Kehoe and Miss Anna White, all of Bradford.

—Washington Stark has received his commission as justice of the peace and will open his office with Allen Oviatt in the rooms over Rubin & Co's store.

—Dr. F. C. Pierce, the Rambler bicycle agent, has something to say this week in his advertisement in regard to his favorite wheel. "Doc" knows a few things about wheels, too.

—Last Tuesday morning Father Cosgrove of Sartwell joined in wedlock William Lynch of Ceres and Miss Nellie Russell of Newell Creek.

—The Miner was the only paper in the county to give a correct account of the drowning of Paul Smith, which sad accident happened last week.

—D. E. Brock is busily engaged in building a large hotel at Ceres, 36x80 feet frame, three stories in height. Mr. Brock expects to have it finished July 4.

—Mrs. Malinda E. Evans is still confined to her bed. Her friends trust she will soon be up again. It is nearly two months since she has been able to speak aloud.

—M. W. Heinlein of Farmers Valley was presented by his wife with a bouncing boy last Wednesday. Mark does not care whether school keeps or not now. Cigars.

—Miss Jennie O'Connor of Aiken has accepted a position with Mr. Stickles in the Racket store. Mr. Stickles is very much pleased with his bright young assistant.

—We are requested to state that Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Nash will continue to make Smethport their home for the future, reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

—If you have a boy and want him to look respectable take him to Ford's Red Front, Olean, and get him a suit of clothes. For further particulars see adv. in this paper.

—Mrs. Robert Howard of Williamsville, Mrs Richard Delidge of Buttsville and and Mrs Annie Sjogreen of Mt. Jewett were taken to the Warren asylum last Tuesday.

—P. J. Duffey, the well-known tailor of Olean, has located in Smethport and is now ready to wait on you in the Backus building, opposite the court house. He is right in line.

—Our bright young merchant, W. H. Olmsted, has been confined to his room for several days with typhoid fever. His many friends will be pleased to learn that he is improving.

—Bradford will observe Memorial Day in the proper manner. It is to be hoped that our citizens will endeavor to honor the nations heroes who died that their country might be maintained one and inseperable.

—D. M. Brasted with his usual promptness yesterday morning made arrangements by telephone to supply all his customers with the staff of life, in spite of the fire which destroyed part of his bakery on Wednesday.

—"Good Clothes" is the title of a new advertisement for Greenewald, 124 Main St., Bradford, the old reliable clothier. It will be found on the first page. If you trade at Greenewald's you will get the best for the least money.

—The stand-up collar is said to have reached its height.—Westfield Free Press. You are mistaken, Bro. Kimball. Not as long as a dude can stretch the rubber in his neck one-sixteenth of an inch will that feat be accomplished.

—Andrews & Conkling, the Olean house furnishers, have a new advertisement in this issue. This enterprising firm has worked up an enviable patronage and still it continues to bid for more. The goods and prices will suit you.

—Last Saturday Freeman Foemer of Roulette, Potter county, shot and quite seriously wounded Almeron Kelly of the same place, in the right abdomen near the groin. Kelly is under the care of a physician and Foemer is under $500 bail.

—Your attention is directed to the card of the New Bay State Hotel, Bradford, which appears in this issue. A substantial brick structure has risen from the ashes of the old wooden building. This is a good place to stop when in Bradford.

—Rev. Mr. Hughes will lecture at the Baptist church Wednesday evening, May 12. Subject, "The Sun Do Move." In this town Mr. Hughes needs no introduction, as he is one of the most entertaining and interesting speakers that have been here in a long period.

—In another column will be found a communication from Miss Adda Burch. In a note she says she is well and likes her work very much. It takes one month for mail to come to this place from Chili. Her address is 250 Casilla, Concepcion, Chili, S. A.

—Next Wednesday evening a vocal and organ recital will be given at St. Luke's church by Mr. and Mrs. Mullette. Recital at 8:15 preceded by evening prayer at 8 p. m. Program will include Rossini's overture to William Tell and songs by Schubert, Cowen and Blumenthal.

—The following clipping from the Lyons, N. Y., Republican, will be of interest to Tull's many friends: "Tull will pitch for Lyons. He was unceremoniously released by Rochester last week, and promptly signed a contract with the Lyons club. Rochester does not know a good pitcher. Lyons will take a chance with Tull against any pitcher in western New York."

—The new well at Larabee was drilled in last Tuesday. It is reported that it made a small showing of oil and it will be a good gasser. This morning we were informed that the owners of this well have ordered tanks to be set up at once. Can it be that they have something in this well worth keeping quiet for the present?

—In the proper place will be found the advertisement of Mrs. E. E. Chambers, who recently purchased the millinery establishment of Mrs. T. D. Nash. Mrs. Chambers has had extensive experience in this line and there is no question but what she will make a success of the undertaking. New goods are arriving daily. Be sure to give her a call and you will be well pleased with your reception.

—McKinney, Young & Co. of Eldred are drilling a well on Pierce Brook, three miles east of Smethport. They have drilled through 35 feet of Bradford sand and expect to reach the Kane formation to-day.—Thursday's Era. At the Pierce Brook well at 8:30 last night the drill was feeling for the Kane sand with a good prospect of finding a pool of oil. Dan Bacon and Geo. Brownell came from there at the above hour and have great hopes.

—William Grover of Pine Grove, near Port Allegany broke into the residence of Charles Taylor of the latter place and selecting the best clothing to be found there dressed up and started toward Crosby. A warrant was sworn out before Justice C. C. Ward and Constable Shurtz followed the culprit and caught him at Crosby. Ward committed him to the bastile where he was lodged Wednesday to await the action of the grand jury at the June term of court.

—Dr. E. R. Baker, our popular dentist, has secured an electrical battery for the purpose of filling teeth without pain or discomfort to the patient. After practical tests it has given satisfaction. By means of the battery a current is carried through the system and a wire placed upon the nerve of the tooth numbs it so that the tooth can be filled without pain. This little battery is a wonder in mechanical ingenuity. A man upon whom it was tried was so well pleased that he is anxious to have all his molars operated on.

—"Bismarck" was the hero of the hour last Saturday night and attracted as much attention as a good lively circus would in a town. He is the proud possessor of a little cub bear about six weeks old which he was exhibiting around town. It was clearly demonstrated that the small urchins and some of the grown up ones did not care to make too close an acquaintance with his bearship. The cub was captured near Emporium. "Bismarck" is practicing some Italian airs and when he secures a balancing pole he will start and give exhibitions in bear dancing.

—J. W. Bouton and family are now located in their elegant residence on east King street. This building was formerly occupied as a sanitarium and since it has been remodeled and repaired makes one of the finest and most commodious residences in this part of the State. The building has been repainted inside and out. The interior, which is luxuriously furnished, has been repapered in the most elaborate and artistic designs. Carl Sasse and his corps of able workmen had the contract for painting and papering, and the work done shows them to be finished artists in their occupations. Mr. Bouton can well feel proud of his beautiful home.

—John Brown of Turtle Point, father of Dr. J. C. Brown of this place, died last Wednesday at 12 m., from the effects of grip, aged 79 years. The deceased had resided there for over 45 years enjoying the comforts of a good farm home. His wife passed away on the 11th of last January. For a number of years he had been troubled with the loss of sight, which hindered him in getting around to attend to his duties. Six daughters and three sons are left to mourn the departure of the head of the family. All of the children, except one son, who is a resident of the State of Washington, were at the funeral, which was held to-day at 10 a. m., Sartwell, Father Cosgrove officiating.

—Here is a simple and inexpensive method by which farmers can test the quality of their cows. A common spring scale to be obtained at any hardware store for twenty-five or thirty cents, hung in the stable by a rope, is sufficiently accurate for weighing. The milk pails which should be of galvanized iron or tin can be made to weigh alike by the addition of solder, exactly three pounds being the correct weight, a board hung to the wall with a paper tacked to it with each cow's name, and a column ruled in which to place the number of pounds at each milking, a pencil attached to a string, and the arrangement for weighing is complete. When a cow is milked hang the bucket on the scale, deduct the weight of of pail and place the amount of milk to the credit of the cow milked. This record should be kept during the year, as some cows milk well for a time, while others not giving so much will milk longer and give more during the year.—Ex.

About Advertising.

Advertising is a great thing, remarked Gilbooley the other day, but it wants to be edited; otherwise there will be some bad breaks made. For instance, a sign on Broadway reads: "I. Studenburg, pants exclusively." Now, why should Studenburg pant exclusively? Why don't he growl or kick—if business is dull—or bark or whine? Why pant exclusively? Besides the weather is not warm enough for a man to do much panting. Studenburg ought to come out in a card and explain his sign.

The other day my attention was called to a sign on the Bowery which read:

"Your hat blocked while you wait for fifty cents."

As it does not say how long you must wait for fifty cents, there is no telling when you will get your hat back.

Another sign on Sixth-avenue is very misleading, to say the least. It reads:

"Female Pants Makers Wanted."

"There is no excuse for such careless wording, but there is a great deal of it done. I saw in the want column the advertisement of a tobacco manufacturing firm, which was worded in this way:

"Wanted—Four girls to strip in a tobacco factory."

And just underneath this was another small "ad" stating:

"For rent—Two rooms furnished with a young widow."—Tammany Times.

Wreck on the B. & S.

Probably one of the worst wrecks in the history of the road occurred last Wednesday morning, two miles below this place. The through freight, known as the Corning freight, is manned by Homer Ketchum, engineer, Ed Ward, fireman, and Thomas Simmons, conductor. As they were rounding a curve below Clinton's the engineer saw a large stump lying across the track. The fireman, engineer and brakemen jumped, the engine striking the stump, and was thrown over bottom side up in the creek. Three cars loaded with lumber also ran over in the creek. No lives were lost in the wreck, but the accident will cost the company several thousand dollars.—Galeton Dispatch.

A prominent western newspaper recommends flax seed tea as an excellent remedy for whooping cough. It may be good but it is not to be compared with Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. This preparation will allay the violent fits of coughing and make them less frequent and less severe. It also liquefies the tough mucus, making it easier to expectorate. Complete recovery is much quicker, too, when this remedy is given. There is no danger in giving it to small children, as it is a pleasant syrup and contains nothing injurious. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

It has been reported that we get our bread of the East Smethport bakery. It is false. All our bread is made by machinery by Mugridge & Son of Buffalo. It is no wonder that some are envious. We get our bread every Tuesday and Friday noon. A. E. STICKLES.

A new line of millinery. I have the latest style of summer hats and bonnets. The laces, flowers and ribbons used are of the very best. Mrs. Carrie Reilly.

For Rent.

A good desirable house containing 7 rooms, furnished with gas and water will be rented cheap. Fine location for a residence. Inquire of J. C. Gallup. tf

Not only acute lung troubles, which may prove fatal in a few days, but old chronic coughs and throat troubles may receive immediate relief and be permanently cured by One Minute Cough Cure. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Heart's Delight Coffee contains the finest Old Government Java, and the best Arabian Mocha—not a particle of low grade coffee of any kind.

Two fine top buggies and three two-seated platform wagons for sale at reasonable rates.

T. H. PURTLE.

Why pay $1.33 for Monarch Flour? Old Man Racket sells it at $1.15. All other grades in proportion. The best grades none better $1.25.

Wm. Mason has employed a first-class bicycle repairman from Buffalo who will be able to make any repairs needed, or build new wheels.

A. B. Armstrong & Co. guarantee the American Silver Truss to give entire satisfaction or refund money.

Our ginger snaps and soda crackers R here at last & are going fast at 4c pound. There are 8 & 12c goods. RACKET.

The Bakery Fire.

Last Wednesday night at about [illegible] our staid burg was very suddenly aroused from the [illegible] by the sound of the dread fire [illegible] that D. M. Brasted's bakery was in flames, the fire having broken out in the oven room back of his store. The family were all asleep in the upper story of the store when anxious neighbors called them to make their exit from the danger that threatened their lives. The inmates hurriedly donned such garments as were most handy. The only way from the upper rooms was by a rear stairway which was filled with smoke from the burning buildings in the rear, which made the passage rather difficult, but all escaped without any injury.

The hose company was soon on the ground and two weak streams were turned on the doomed bake shop, which was completely gutted when the fire was extinguished. The storage room and ice house on the north of the bakery were considerably damaged, as well as the barn in the rear or east side of the burned building.

The firemen worked like beavers to subdue the flames and deserve credit in saving the surrounding buildings. Fortunately the night was calm, no wind to fan the blaze. The loss will be in the neighborhood of $500, partly covered by insurance.

Death of Mrs Jonathan Colegrove.

Mrs. Hattie M. wife of our esteemed townsman, Jonathan Colegrove, passed away from all earthly scenes at her home on Main street Monday night, May 3, aged 50 years, 9 months and 3 days, the cause of death being heart failure. The deceased was born in East Troy, Bradford county, Pa. Her maiden name was Hattie M. Purple. She was married to Mr. Colegrove Jan. 1, 1867. Two sons blessed this union—Samuel, deceased, and Albert L., who resides in town and is engaged in the mercantile business with his father. Little Mary, who resides with them, is an adopted child. Mrs. Colegrove joined the Methodist church here six years ago, and during that time has devoted her spare moments to work for the Master as far as lay in her power. She was an active worker in the W. C. T. U., as well as the Woman's Relief Corps, and when health permitted she was always striving to do good and assist the weaker ones around her. She has gone to her final reward where awaits her the welcome, "Thou hast done well." The funeral was held Wednesday at 2 p. m. at the M. E. church Rev. J. W. Sanborn officiating. A large concourse of mourning relatives and friends were present. Interment the same day at Norwich cemetery. The Miner with a host of friends tenders condolence in this their hour of bereavement.

Miss Scull's Lecture.

Last Tuesday night Miss S A. Scull delivered her second lecture in this place on Greece. This lecture at this time was made more interesting by reason of recent disturbances in that country, so it was really a treat for all. To listen to Miss Scull one cannot help but be in sympathy with her in her work, to which she has devoted her whole life. To the scholar who delves in Greek mythology, her lecture was of great value and to others it was exceedingly interesting as the stereopticon views were well lighted and illustrated the lecture so that all could understand it.

At the conclusion Miss Scull spoke feelingly of the kindness of Smethport people, saying that in all her travels she had never seen anything like it. We would like to ask the question, how can anyone who knows Miss Scull be anything but kind, as hers is a character that lifts one up and her success in her difficult work is largely due to her high conception of things religious. The Miner wishes that success may ever follow her.

From Mrs. T. D. Nash.

In May 1877 I commenced business in this town, was kindly received and generously patronized by the good people of Smethport and surrounding country, which condition has continued through all these years, and on up to Saturday evening last, May 1. And now after the lapse of twenty years I retire, having sold the goods, store fixtures, and good will in the business, to Mrs. E. E. Chambers, who will continue the same in the store where I have been located for so many years.

Mrs Chambers readily adapts herself to the business and I take pleasure in bespeaking for her a fair share of the patronage of the ladies of Smethport and vicinity, conscious that they will find in my successor an affable, corteous and reliable business person with whom it will be a pleasure to have business relations.

Very Respectfully,
MRS. T. D. NASH.

A Valuable Premium.

We have just completed arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer to every subscriber, or every old subscriber who pays his subscription in advance, a copy for one year of the popular paper, The Alliance. This valuable publication is a 16-page monthly, entertaining, instructive and elevating. It will interest every member of the family and there is no one who will not be made better and happier by reason of its monthly visits. Remember it is sent free for one year to every subscriber who pays his subscription in advance.

There is some one in almost every neighborhood who is subject to attacks of pain in the stomach or bilious colic. Mr. J. D. Kinney, Warren Center, Pa., used to be troubled in that way. He says: "The attacks were marked by terrible pains, diarrhoea and fainting spells. At such times I suffered exceedingly until I began using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, two or three doses of which effected an immediate and lasting cure. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

It should be made a matter of public knowledge that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve will speedily cure piles of the longest standing. It is the household favorite for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises and sores of all kinds. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

J. C. Gallup has contracted with the Johnston Harvesting Machinery Co., of Batavia, N. Y., and will sell their line of harvesting machinery for 1897, in this section. Do not purchase until you see their up-to-date machines.

When a cold is contracted, cure it at once. One Minute Cough Cure will set you on the road to recovery in a minute. It will cure pneumonia, bronchitis, croup and all forms of lung and throat trouble. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

The total Indian population of the United States numbers 248,273. Poor Lo is passing away, but "Hearts Delight" has come to stay.

Croup and whooping cough are childhood's terrors; but like pneumonia, bronchitis and other throat and lung troubles, can be quickly cured by using One Minute Cough Cure. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

The finest of room moulding 50 varities to select from. Call on L. Koenig Water street.

A. B. Armstrong & Co., offer some very handsome hammocks at very reasonable prices.

If you wish first class carpenter work call and see me at the old reliable stand. T. H. PURTLE.

Holmes & Lindholm have a new supply of screen doors and windows.

PERSONAL MENTION.

[illegible]

C. A. Bucher returned to Boston last Wednesday.

Mrs. H. W. Rubin visited Bradford friends last week.

Mrs. T. H. Ryan visited Kane friends last Saturday.

J. W. Bouton started for Philadelphia last Saturday.

Peter McCabe has moved his family here from Kane.

Commissioner T. F. Hungiville went to Warren Tuesday.

Judge Henry Hamlin returned from New York City Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Nash visited Potter county's capital last Monday.

W. H. Morrison transacted business in Mt. Jewett Tuesday.

Mrs. E. B. McCoy of Olean visited relatives in town Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hungerford visited Sartwell last Monday.

Sheriff J. F. Davis and T. H. Purtle were in Bradford Tuesday.

Jas. Mahoney of Mt. Alton was a pleasant caller on Saturday last.

C. A. Anderson of Colegrove was greeting old friends in town Saturday.

A. J. Martin of Jamestown did not forget his regular trip Monday last.

Charles F. Bush of Turtle Point visited his sister, M. E. Evans, Monday.

J. C. Hamlin transacted business in Buffalo last Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Barton of Eldred were guests at the Central yesterday.

Justice Steinhauer and Hugh Boyd of Clermont were in town Monday.

Harry Warshofsky returned Monday from a business trip to New York city.

Mrs. T. C. Wainman of Brinson, Ga., was a guest at the Central Sunday.

Judge Loyal Ward of Bradford transacted business at the Court House Wednesday.

Earl D. Leech of Chrystal, Pa., was a pleasant caller at this office on Monday.

Ex-commissioner F. D. Sinar of Port Allegany was in town the first of the week.

Miss Belle Abbey came up from Olean Saturday and spent Sunday with her parents

Miss Flora Lay of Port Allegany was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Weaver Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bahan of Colegrove were in town Saturday on their way to Bradford.

Prothonotary G. W. Mitchell has been taking in the sights of the Buckeye State this week.

Maurice Mulvihill started for Pittsburg last Saturday for a visit among friends and relatives.

Mrs. H. L. Burlingame visited her son, W. W. Burlingame, at Rice Brook last Saturday.

Mesdames McGuier and Purtle with their children returned from New York city Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Chase were guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Christley of Colegrove Sunday.

Mrs. B. D. Christley and Miss Bessie Scanlon of Colegrove were in town the first of the week.

Ed. Hungerford and Harry White went to Olean yesterday to see the elephant traveling with the circus.

Mesdames Robert King and M. M. Coleman visited Mr. and Mrs. Ed Waller at Larabee Monday.

J. H. Wood, manager of the Kane Leader, was a pleasant caller at this office on Monday last.

M. Chatfield, one of Farmers Valley's most influential citizens, was a most agreeable caller Wednesday.

Dr. S. H. Haines of Bradford was the guest of his uncle, G. W. Mitchell, last Saturday and Sunday.

Capt. E. R. Mayo started for Philadelphia last Sunday evening to attend the session of the Supreme Court.

V. Klappenbach of Smethport was in town Thursday, securing a site for a tailor shop.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Badger of East Smethport went to Bradford last Saturday to visit their daughter, Miss Alice.

Dr. Eddy of Olean was called here Tuesday to see Jerry Burns, who is very low with some complicated throat trouble.

Deputy Sheriff W. B Clarke and F. D. Gallup boarded the palace coach on the B., B. & K. yesterday morning for Bradford.

N. N. Metcalf of Austin, superintendent of F. H. and C. W. Goodyear's extensive lumber interests, was a very pleasant caller at this office Wednesday.

Patrick Gaynor, one of Clermont's reliable citizens, was in town last Saturday. Mr. Gaynor is possessed of one of those dispositions that never grow old.

Mr. and Mrs Augustus Heimer of Washington, D. C., arrived Tuesday night to attend the funeral of Mrs. J. Colegrove. Mrs. Heimer is the mother of the deceased.

Two of the prominent citizens of Ceres, J. J. Robarts and C. B. Cleveland, were most agreeable callers yesterday. Mr. Cleveland has just received his first commission as justice of the peace.

Elder J. G. Saunders of Roulette visited at Walter Evans' Wednesday on his way home from Little Washington, where he has been laboring the past eight months. Aside from his work in the ministry he sold bibles and religious literature to the amount of $300.00.

Mr. Charles H. Wetzell of Sunbury, Pa., was so much pleased with a remedy that cured him of rheumatism that he made affidavit to the fact for publication as follows: "This is to certify that on March 11th I walked into Melick's drug store on a pair of crutches, bought a bottle Chamberlain's Pain Balm for inflammatory rheumatism, which had crippled me up. After using three bottles I am completely cured. I can cheerfully recommend it.

CHARLES H. WETZELL."

Sworn and subscribed to before me on Aug 10, 1891. Walter Shipman, J. P. Pain Balm is for sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Notice.

At a meeting of the Smethport Gas Co., held this day it was resolved to reduce its rates as follows: That from and after the first day of June 1897, instead of the present discount, the discount upon rates paid monthly in advance shall be 20 per cent off and upon rates paid quarterly 25 per cent.

D. C. YOUNG, President.
W. D. GALLUP, Secretary.
Smethport, Pa., April 30, 1897.

Estray Notice.

Came to the premises of the undersigned in Keating township last Saturday night, one bay stallion about 2 years old and two mares about 2 years old. Owner can have same by proving property, paying for keeping and this notice.

JOHN P. CODY,
Smethport, Pa., May 3, 1897.

Thirty years is a long time to fight so painful a trouble as piles, but Jacob Mitchell of Unionville, Pa., struggled that long before he tried DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, which quickly and permanently cured him. It is equally effective in eczema and all skin affections. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Hotel For Sale.

Larrabee House at Larrabee, Pa. This is one of the best locations in McKean county at junction of W. N. Y. & P. R'y. License will be transferred to right man. Call or write at once if you want a bargain.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Smethport, Pa.

When the spring time comes, "gentle Annie," like all other sensible persons, will cleanse the liver and renovate the system with DeWitt's Little Early Risers famous little pills for the liver and stomach all the year round. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

Incontinence of water during sleep stopped immediately by Dr. E. Detchon's Anti-Diuretic. Cures children and adults alike. Price $1. Sold by A. B. Armstrong & Co., Smethport, Pa.

[illegible]

CORRESPONDENCE.

[illegible]

[illegible] well under way at this writing.

E. C. Cooper has let his farm to John Whiting of Bells Run. Mr. Cooper will go to Mina to work in the lumber woods.

Mrs. Sally Tubbs returned last week from Allegany, N. Y., where she spent the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Jay Harton.

Miss Josephine Buckley of Shingle House is stopping with her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Buckley, at present.

Will Evans and wife of Norwich were visiting O. D. Evans and wife the first of the week.

Mrs. S. E. Cooper visited her daughter, Mrs. Frank Hodge, of Mina last week.

Joseph Foote and wife of Taylor Run visited in this place on Monday.

E. P. Dalrymple was over from Port Allegany one day last week.

Miss Lydia Dyre of Eldred spent Sunday with friends in this place.

The army worm has already put in an appearance.

Rev Langmade drove to Port Allegany Friday.

A. F. Strait had business in Coleville Saturday.

Mrs J. S. Hodges is spending a few days in Olean.

Charley Hodges has gone to Rixford to work.

CLERMONT.

Miss Frances Cavanaugh, teacher of our graded school, is worthy of the compliments of all lovers of good schools, which was well demonstrated at the examination at Colegrove last week in which her students, Misses Eva Steinhauer and Lena Meisel passed such creditable examinations. These young ladies are to be congratulated for their success.

Dennis Rachford, the section foreman on the W. N. Y. & P. R. R., has moved his family out of the old railroad house into one of the patch houses. The railroad company intends to tear down the house he lived in to make room for the new depot.

There is a great deal of moving going on from here to different parts of the country, all caused by the mines shutting down.

Mrs. F. B. Steinhauer left for Eldred on Tuesday last to spend a few days among her friends in that place and vicinity.

The carpenters are still at work building new houses, notwithstanding the shut down of the mines.

Geo. Rudolph is having a severe time trying to manage an unruly bicycle.

L. Steinhauer had business in Smethport on Monday last.

Our supervisors have commenced repairing the roads.

Our farmers have commenced their spring work.

Tramps are very plentiful these days.

LARABEE.

The band boys will give an ice cream social at the residence of W. H. Prentiss Thursday evening, May 13.

Mrs. D. D Otto, who has been visiting her parents at Newell Creek, returned home Sunday.

Mrs. W. D. Huntington of Austin is the guest of her parents, A. L. Rice and wife.

Mrs. Ed Pelton of Newerf visited friends in this place a few days last week.

C. C. Carmody and T. F. Kramer made a flying trip to Eldred Tuesday.

Will Carpenter of Coryville had business in this place on Tuesday.

Chas. Adams visited Bradford Friday on a business mission.

Bert Rice and sister drove to Eldred Monday evening.

MT. ALTON.

Mr. Allen of Hornellsville, N. Y., a watch repairer, stopped at the Butts House. He met a stranger and together they started for Crawford Junction to catch a freight to Mt. Jewett. When about half a mile from Crawford Allen was knocked down by the stanger and was relieved of his grip and money. He had to beg his way home

Walter Fisk has purchased S. S. Washburn's wagon shop and is ready to do repairing promptly.

Rev. J. H. Crocker and family are visiting his people at Ceres.

Walter Fisk was in Smethport Monday on business.

IRON ... BRASS ... Beds
DO YOU WANT TO BUY ONE AT FACTORY PRICES?
Our Illustrated Catalogue mailed free. Will show you how to save money.
HARPER FURNITURE CO. 571-575 Main St., BUFFALO, N.Y.

THE NEW BAY STATE HOTEL.

A. C. HURLEY, Proprietor,
72-74 Main St. - BRADFORD, PA.

This hotel is new throughout, and the best house in the City with popular prices. The bar is unequalled.

FOR SALE

BEE HIVES!

Honey Boxes, Section Boxes, Frames, Etc. Write or ask for prices.

ED NORMAN, Smethport, Pa

Re-Opened.

EXCELSIOR MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS.

Is now ready for business and prepared to fill all orders for Marble and Granite work, Cemetery fencing, Etc., Etc.

Works Cor. Franklin & Water St's,
Smethport, Pa.

P. O.--LARABEE, PA.

LET YOUR EYES

REST HERE.

If you contemplate buying a wagon of any kind come and get prices at my shop, and I will convince you that I can make you as good a rig as you can buy elsewhere for less money. Remember I can furnish anything from a light buggy to the heaviest truck. Having placed machinery in my shop I can do better work and more of it, and for prices or repair work I am in position to give you figures that will surprise you.

PRICES FOR HEAVY WAGONS.	
New tongue	$1 50
New axle	2 50
New tires	$7 00 to 8 00
New spoke	15
BUGGIES.	
New tires	$4 50
New rims	4 00
New short arms	4 50
New shafts	$3 00 to 4 00
New bodies, hand-made,	4 50

In fact I can do work 25 per cent. cheaper than any other shop.

Look here, Mr. Farmer, I propose to meet you half way during these hard times. I will cut your wheels down and put on 1¼x4 inch bent oak rims and 5-16x4 steel tires for $14.00.

T. H. PURTLE,
Smethport, Pa.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers,
[illegible]

MASON'S

RACKET ANNEX.

Wringers,	$1.20
Copper Boilers,	1.75
Tin Boilers, Copper Bottom,	.75 and 80
Copper, Nickle Plated, Tea Kettles	.80
Six quart Milk Pans,	.56 dozen
Ten " Pails	.15
12 " "	.20
14 " "	.25
12 " Galvanized Pails	.15
Spring Steel Harrows	10.00
Stove Pipe	.10 joint
5, 6 and 7 inch Elbows	.05
Dash Board Lanterns	.50
500 square feet Building Paper	.30
8 inch files	.05
100-Piece Dinner Set,	5.00
12-Piece Toilet Set	3.75
Buck Saws	.35
4-Tined Manure Forks	.35
5 " " "	.45
6 " " "	.50

Remember these goods are first-class goods at Racket prices.

Mason's Hardware.

TRADE AT FORD'S IT PAYS.

If you Want Your Boy to Look HIS BEST, bring him to us. We will put one of our regular $5.00 all-wool suits on him and charge you only $3.50.

We do not claim there is nothing cheaper, but we do claim that there is nothing better at the price.

These suits are $3.50 because getting you into our store and making you acquainted with our clothing, and our ways of selling, means more to us than the loss of a dollar and a half.

We want you to come and see our new spring and summer clothing and furnishings, for men, youths and boys. All of the latest effects in suitings, handsomely made up. Come direct to

FORD'S RED FRONT,

158 Union Street,

OLEAN, - - - - N. Y.

You may pay more, but you cannot get a better bicycle than the

Rambler, $80.

Last years price, $100.

Examine all of the others then examine the RAMBLER and convince yourself. Comparisons are interesting.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY M'F'G CO.,
F. C. Pierce, sole agent for Smethport.

Ideals at $35, $40, $50 and $75.
Fitted with G. & J. tires and fully guaranteed.

PRETTY TEETH

Are as essential to the beauty of every woman as they were to her Greek ancestors. Bad teeth would would make even Venus herself homely.

I can make your teeth beautiful, or make you a beautiful set of teeth, which ever is necessary. Years of experience, improved methods and the constant care and attention devoted to all branches of scientific dentistry enables me to do the best work at the least cost.

All work bears a personal guarantee from me.

Dr. F. C. Pierce,
Smethport, Pa.

COLUMBIA BICYCLES,

1897 Models, 5 per cent. Nickel Steel Tubing, Standard of the World, have no equal, $100.

1896 COLUMBIAS,

Models 40, 41 and 44, known everywhere and have no superior except to 1897 Columbias, $75.
Model 42, 26-inch wheels, $65.

Hartford Bicycles,

Patterns 7 and 8 reduced from $75 to $60.
Patterns 9 " 10 " " 60 " 55

Equal to any bicycles made except Columbia.
We ask experts to examine them piece by piece.

OTHER HARTFORDS, $50, $45, $40.
SOME SECOND-HAND BICYCLES AT BARGAINS.

M. L. ARMSTRONG, Agent,
Smethport, Penn'a.

Ice Cream Soda at

Brasted's

CASH!

Spearhead tobacco 39c lb.
Axl greas. 10c box, 8c.
Matches, 12 boxs, 8c.
This week only will sell ginger snaps & soda crackers at 4c lb.
Ariosa coffee 12c lb.
Woolson's pure, prime pepper 1lb 5c.
Monarch flour the $1.35 kind at $1.15.
Clothes pins 1c doz. Adamantine pins 1c paper. Needles 1c paper. Darning needles 2 doz 3c. Not 1c each.
1 lb envelopes & paper, the 25c kind, 13c.
Nickel alarm klox 85c.
Pink pills 45c.
4 oz bottle sewing machine oil 4c.
Men's undershirts & drawers 25 to 50c.
Ladies' vests 5 to 25c.
Men's sox 5 to 15c.
Komical kuts in Krismus kards & birthday presents.
Our line of fancy imported dishs & goods R the first 2 B had.
6 qt milk pans 58c doz.
Our line of glassware cannot B equal'd in price quality or variety. We will sel U glass tumblers from 3c to 15c each; Water sets from 30c to $1.75; 4-piece table set 25c to $1.75; Sauce sets 25c to 75c.
Vases 10 to 85c.
Lamps complete 15c to $3.74.
Do U kno that we sell U hi grade Porclain cups and saucers for 45c set 6. Same 7-inch plates 36c set 6. Same grade crumbers 25, 35 & 48c.
C these fancy shouldered flower pots: 4 inch 4c; 5 inch 6c; 6 inch 9c; 7 inch 12c; 8 inch 14c.
Fancy calty lilly bottom 30c.
Fancy jardineers mottled $1.40.
1 & 2 qt bail stewers 5 & 10c.
Hand painted cuspidores 10c each.
How do these prices suit U.
12 slate pencils 1c. 12 bubber tip'd lead pencils 6c.
Good buggy whip 10c.
500 sq feet 20 lb building paper 38c, always sold at 50c. This is not the 16 lb kind.
Ladies' & Gents' dress hats at prices that defy competition.
Men's fine dress shirts 45c to $1. Men's black work shirt, Queen City brand, 48c. I know of some merchants that get 80c for this same shirt.
Remember our work and dress pantaloons. We save you money on these
Men's dress silk ties 15 to 85c.
If U try our plug tobaccos U wil Bcom a steady customer. Why? Bcaus we keep our tobaccos in a good chewing kon-dish-un. How? By keeping them moist, clean from dust & dirt.
We R not here for our health but 2 C that U get goods at right prices & 2 make our little 25 per cent.

A. E. STICKLES,

The Racket Man
SPRAGUE BLOCK,
Smethport.

Leonard Koenig,

located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of

PAINTING AND DECORATING.

PAPER HANGING—

Always done neatly and artistically. Latest styles of paper constantly on hand from which to make your selections.

PROMPTNESS

Is a feature which characterizes this establishment. Give me a call. I shall be pleased to serve you to your entire satisfaction.

Smethport, - Penna.

ORLO L. BARD

East Smethport

(Successor to H. N. Allen)

Keeps in stock a fine line of

GROCERIES
PROVISIONS
TOBACCO
and CIGARS.

Fresh Fruit

OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Canned Fruit

OF EVERY KIND A SPECIALTY.

Be Sure To Call.

FORT FRAYNE.

[Continued from first page.]

glory in the nursery rhyme, with the sting in the end of his nose—by this bewitching, imperious, fascinating little creature, and there was absolutely no help for it. Anywhere else almost she could have whisked her boy under her wing and borne him away beyond range, but not at West Point. She had to learn the lesson so many mothers learn with such ill grace, that the boy was no longer hers to do with as she would, but Uncle Sam's, and Uncle Sam unfeelingly said, "Stick to your camp duty with its drills and parades, roll calls, practical engineering, pontooning and sweating in stolen half hours, no matter what the consequence."

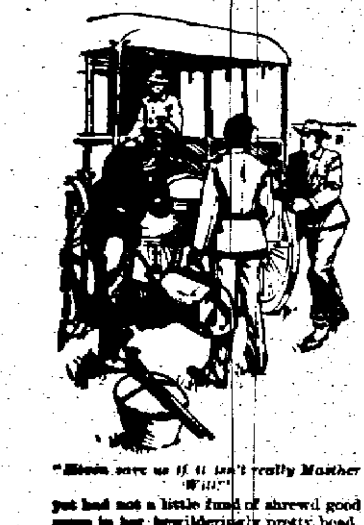
Mrs. Farrar couldn't carry Will away and couldn't order Kitty. About all she saw of her boy was drilling with the battalion at a distance or dancing with Miss Ormsby close at hand, and, on the principle that misery loves company, she soon was comforted by a fellow sufferer, for just in proportion as the mother's heart was troubled by the sight of her boy's infatuation for this pretty child, so was Jack Ormsby made miserable by seeing the attentions lavished by officers and cadets alike on Ellis Farrar.

And yet the little blind god was doing Jack far better work than he ever dared to dream. The mother longed for Will, and no one else could quite take his place. The lover longed for Ellis, and what earthly chance has a "cit" lover at West Point, even though he be a swell and a sergeant in the Seventh? It resulted that in the hours when the mother and Jack had to sit and look on they were brought constantly together, and then in these hours of companionship Mrs. Farrar began to see more and more how manful, honest, self reliant was the gallant fellow who had fought by her husband's side. Little by little she learned to lean upon him, appeal to him, defer to him and to see in him, after all, a man in whom she could perhaps confide even so precious a trust as her daughter's heart, and that summer at West Point won the mother even if it did not win the lady of his love.

All that winter Ellis had continued her course at school, but was to come out in May, and during the long months from September she was comforted in the comfort her mother found in the companion that had been chosen for her, a gentle, refined and evidently well bred woman, who came upon the recommendation of their rector, and who was introduced as Mrs. Daunton—Helen Daunton, a woman with a sad history, as the grave old pastor frankly told them, but through no fault or foible of her own. She had been married, but her husband was unworthy of her, had deserted her some years before, leaving her to struggle for herself. Dr. Morgan vouched for her integrity, and that was enough.

By the time Ellis was to return to her mother's roof Helen Daunton was so thoroughly established there, so necessary to her mother, so devoted to her in every way, that for the first time in her life, even while glad to mark the steps of improvement in the beloved invalid's health and appearance, Ellis Farrar felt the pangs of jealousy.

And this was Will's graduation summer, and they had a lovely time at the academy. Kitty was there, and Kitty was an accepted fact—and more so—too. Will would be content nowhere without her and would have married her then and there but for his mother's gentle admonition and Kitty's positive refusal. She had been reared from girlhood by a doting aunt, had been petted and spoiled at home and at school and yet had not a little fund of shrewd good sense in her bewilderingly pretty head. She wouldn't wear an engagement ring, wouldn't consent to call it an engagement. She owned, under pressure, that she meant to marry Will some day, but not in any hurry, and therefore, but for one thing, the mother's gentle heart would have been content.



"Hiven save us if it isn't really Masther Will!"

And that one thing was that Will had applied for and would hear of no other regiment in all the army than that at the head of which his father had died, the Twelfth cavalry, and no one could understand, and Mrs. Farrar couldn't explain, how it was, why it was that that of all others was the one she had vainly hoped he would not choose. He was wild with joy and enthusiasm when at last the order came, and, with beaming eyes and ringing voice, he read aloud: "'Twelfth regiment of cavalry, Cadet Will Duncan Farrar, to be second lieutenant, vice Watson, promoted, Troop C.' Leale's troop, Queen Mother; blessed old Malcolm Leale. What more could I ask or you ask? What captain in all the line can match him? And Kitty's uncle in command of the regiment and post! Just think of it, madre, dear, and you'll all come out, and we'll have grand Christmas times at Frayne, and we'll hang father's picture over the mantel and father's sword. I'll wire Leale this very minute and write my respects to Fenton. What's he like anyway, mother? I can't remember him at all, nor can Kitty."

But Mrs. Farrar could not tell. It was years, too, since she had seen him, "but he was always a faithful friend of your father, Will, and he wrote me a beautiful, beautiful letter when we came away."

And so, late in September, the boy lieutenant left his mother's arms and, followed by her prayers and tears and blessings, was borne away westward to revisit scenes that were once familiar on the old barrack walls at West Point. Then it required long days of travel over rough mountain roads to reach the railway far south of the Medicine Bow. Now the swift express train landed him at the station of the frontier town that had grown up on the site of the prairie dog village he and his pony had often "stampeded" in the old days. Here at the station, come to meet the son of their old commander, ignoring the fact that the newcomer was but the plebe lieutenant of the Twelfth, were the ruddy faced old colonel and Will's own troop leader, Captain Leale, both heartily, cordially bidding him welcome and commenting not a little on his stalwart build and trying hard not to refer to the very downy mustache that adorned his boyish lip. And other and younger officers were there to welcome the lad to his new station, and huge was Will's comfort when he caught sight of Sergeant Hale, the veteran standard bearer of the regiment, and that superbly grandiose old soldier straightened up like a Norway pine and saluted with rigid precision and hoped the lieutenant was well and his lady mother and Miss Ellis. "There's nothing," thought Will, "like the discipline of the old regiment, after all," as the orderly came to ask for the checks for the lieutenant's baggage, and all went well until the luckless moment when the colonel and Leale, with some of the elders, turned aside to look at a batch of recruits sent by the same train, and Farrar, chatting with some of his fellow youngsters, was stowing his bags in the waiting ambulance, and there in the driver Will recognized Saddler Donovan's freckle faced Mickey, with whom he had had many a hunt for rabbits in the old, old days, and then an unctuous, caressing Irish voice fairly blubbered out, "Hiven save us if it isn't really Masther Will!" and there, corporal's chevrons on his brawny arms, was old Terry Rorke, looking wild to embrace him, and even as Will, half ashamed of his own shyness, was shaking hands with this faithful old retainer of his father's household in years gone by, the squad of recruits came marching past.

The third man from the front, heavily bearded, with a bloated, ill groomed face and restlessly glancing eyes, gave a quick, furtive look at the new lieutenant as he passed, then stumbled and plunged forward against his file leader. The squad was thrown into momentary disarray. The sergeant, angered at the mishap at such a time, strode quickly up to the offender and savagely muttered, "Keep your eyes to the front, Graice, and you won't be stumbling up decent men's backs." And the little detachment went briskly on.

"I thought I'd seen that man before," said Leale an instant later, "and now I know it, and I know where."

CHAPTER IV.

The winter came on early at old Fort Frayne. Even as early as mid-October the ice was forming in the shallow pools along the Platte, and that eccentric stream itself had dwindled away in volume until it seemed but the ghost of its former self. Raging and unfordable in June, swollen by the melting snows of the Colorado peaks and the torrents from the Medicine Bow, it spent its strength in the arid heat of a long, dry summer and when autumn came was mild as a mill stream as far as the eye could reach and fordable in a dozen places within rifle shot of the post. Many a time did old Fenton wish it wasn't. Frayne's reservation was big and generous; but, unluckily, it never extended across the river. Squatters, smugglers and sharpers could not intrude upon its guarded limits along the southern shore, and the nearest groggery—that inevitable accompaniment of the westward march of civilization—was a long two miles away down the right bank, but only a pistol shot across the stream.

In his day Farrar had waged war against the rumsellers on the north shore and won, because then there were only soldiers and settlers and no lawyers—outside the guardhouse—within 90 miles of the post. But with the tide of civilization came more settlers, and a cattle town, and lawyers in abundance, and with their coming the question at issue became no longer that of abstract right or wrong, but how a jury would decide it, and a frontier jury always decides in favor of the squatter and against the soldier. Fenton strove to take pattern after Farrar and very nearly succeeded in landing himself in jail, as the outraged vender went down to Laramie, hired lawyers there, swore out warrants of assault and appealed to his countrymen. The fact that no less than four of the Twelfth within six months had died with their boots on, victims of the ready knives or revolvers of the squatters across the stream, had no bearing in the eyes of the law. Fenton had warned the divekeeper a dozen times to no purpose, but when finally Sergeant Hannifin was set upon and murdered there one fine April evening within easy range, and almost within hearing of his comrades at Frayne, Fenton broke loose and said impetuous things, which reached the ears of his men, who went and did things equally impetuous, to the demolition of the "shack" and the destruction of its stock of spirits and gambling paraphernalia; and it was proved to the satisfaction of the jury that Fenton did not interpose to stop the row until it had burned itself and the "shack" inside out. The people rallied to the support of the saloon keeper—he, at least, was a man and a brother, a voter, and, when he couldn't lie out of it, a taxpayer. The officers at Frayne, on the other hand, in the opinion of the citizens of that section of Wyoming, were none of the four, and Bunko Jim's new resort across the Platte was a big improvement in point of size, though not in stock or sanctity, over its predecessor. Jim ran a ferryboat for the benefit of customers from the fort. It was forbidden to land on the reservation, but did so, nevertheless, when the sentry on the bluff couldn't see, and sometimes, it must be owned, when he could.

The boat was used when the water was high, the fords when it was low, and the ice when it was frozen, and it was a curious thing in winter to see how quickly the new fallen snow would be seamed with paths leading by devious routes from the barracks to the shore and then across the icebound pools straight to Bunko Jim's. Bowing, as became the soldier of the republic, to the supremacy of the civil law, Fenton swallowed the lesson, though he didn't the whisky, but Jim had his full share of customers from the fort, and the greatest of these, it soon transpired, was the big recruit speedily known throughout the command as Tough Tom Graice.

Joining the regiment at the end of September, it was less than a month before he was as well though not as favorably known as the sergeant major. There is more than one way of being conspicuous in the military service, and Graice had chosen the worst. Even the recruits who came with him from the depot, the last lot to be shipped from that once crowded garner of "food for powder," could tell nothing of his antecedents, though they were full of gruesome details of his doings since enlistment. He was an expert at cards and billiards, said they—for they had found it out to their sorrow—and a demon when aroused by drink. Twice in drunken rage he had assaulted comparatively inoffensive men, and only the prompt and forcible intervention of comrades had prevented murder on the spot, while the traditional habit of the soldier of telling no tales had saved him from richly merited punishment. Within the month of his arrival Graice had made giant strides to notoriety. He was a powerful fellow, with fine command of language and an education far superior to that of the general run of noncommissioned officers, and it was among the younger set of these he first achieved a certain standing. Professing to hold himself above the private soldier, proving himself an excellent rider and an expert in drill with carbine or saber, he nevertheless declared it was his first enlistment and gave it to be understood that a difficulty with the sheriff, who sought to arrest him, had been the means of bringing him to the temporary refuge of the ranks.

For the first few weeks, too, he drank but little, and wearing his uniform with the ease and grace of one long accustomed to the buttons, and being erect and athletic in build, he presented a very creditable appearance. The bloated, bloodshot look he wore on his arrival, the result of much surreptitious whisky en route, passed somewhat away, and it was only when one studied his face that the traces of intemperance, added to the sullen brows and shifting, restless eyes, banished the claim to good looks that were at first accorded him. From the first, however, the old sergeants and such veterans among the corporals as Terry Rorke looked askance at Trooper Graice. "Another guardhouse lawyer," said the first sergeant of Leale's troop, as he disgustedly received the adjutant's notification of Graice's assignment. "Another wan of thim jailbirds like Mr. American Blood, the newspaper pet," said Rorke, in high disdain. "We'll have a chase with him, too, as they had in the Platte, or I'm a Jew. Where have I seen that sweet mug of his before?" he added reflectively, as he watched the newcomer surlily scrubbing at his kit, and the newcomer, glancing sideways at the Irish corporal, seemed to read his thoughts, although too far away to hear his muttered words. It was plain to every man in C troop that there was apt to be no love lost between Terence Rorke and "Tommy the Tough."

And there was another still who wore the simple dress of a private soldier, whose eyes, black, piercing and full of expression, were constantly following that new recruit, and that was the Sioux Indian, Crow Knife, a youth barely 19 years of age. He had been a boy scout before the days of the ghost dance craze. A valued and trusted ally of the white soldiers, he had borne dispatches up to the very moment when Kill Eagle's mad brained ultimatum drove his band into revolt and launched them on the warpath.

With them went Crow Knife's father and mother, and the boy rode wildly in pursuit. He was with them, striving to induce his mother to abandon the village, when the warriors made their descent on the ranches of the Dry Fork, and later, when Farrar's fierce attack burst upon them like a thunderbolt through the snowclouds. Seizing his mother in his arms, the boy had shielded and saved her when Leale's vengeful men rushed upon the nearest Indians, when unquestionably, yet unavoidably, some squaws received their death wounds in the furious fight that followed Farrar's assassination. Recognized and rescued by his former friends, Crow Knife went back to Frayne when the brief but bloody campaign was ended and then was sent to the Indian school at Carlisle. Returning in the course of three years, he had been enlisted in what was left of the Indian troop of the Twelfth, and was one of the few of his tribe who really made a success of soldiering. By the autumn of this eventful year Crow Knife's comrades were rapidly being discharged and returning to their blankets and lodge life at the reservation or hanging about the squalid cattle town across the river. Crow Knife, sticking to his cavalry duty and showing unlooked for devotion to his officers, was regarded by the Twelfth as an exceptional case and was made much of accordingly.

"What d'ye think of that fellow, Crow?" asked Corporal Rorke one day as he watched the expression in the Indian's face. "Ye don't like him any more than I do. What's the reason?"

"There is a saying among my people," was the answer in the slow, measured tones of one who thought in another tongue, "'Eyes that cannot meet eyes guide hands that strike foul.' He-that-stabs-in-the-dark is the name we give such as that man."

"D'ye know him, Crow? Did ye never see him?" persisted Terry. "Ever since the day he came the captain has had his eye on him, and so have ye, and so have I. I can't ask the captain, but I can ye. Where have ye seen him before?"

But Crow Knife shook his head. "I cannot remember his face. It is his back I seem to know. My people say that way they see their enemies."

And so Rorke could find no satisfactory solution of the ever vexing question. Twice or thrice he accosted Graice and strove to draw him into talk, but the newcomer seemed to shut up like an oyster in the presence of the Irish corporal, a great contrast to the joviality he displayed when soliciting comrades to take a hand at cards. The recruits had hardly any money left. Graice had won what little there was on the way to Frayne, and now he had wormed his way into the gambling set that is apt to be found in every fort—all comers who have money being welcome—and for a few weeks fortune seemed to smile upon the neophyte. He knew, he protested, very little of any game, but played for fellowship and fun. Then he kept sober when others drank, and so won, and then came accusations of foul play and a row, and the barracks game was broken up, only to be resumed at night in the resort across the Platte, and there whisky was plenty, and so were the players, and there Graice began to lapse into intemperate ways, and by the time the long, long nights of December came his reputation as a "tough" was established throughout the garrison. All but three or four of the most dissolute members of the command had cut loose from him entirely, a matter he regretted only because pay day was at hand—the soldiers would then have money in plenty for a few short, feverish hours. The squatters and settlers had none until the soldiers were "strapped," and so Graice and three or four Ishmaelites like unto himself were left to the concentration of brutality to be found in one another's society.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DIPLOMATIC AUCTIONS.

Bric-a-brac Bargains Eagerly Sought at the Shrine of the Red Flag.

There is a graceful custom among foreign diplomats at the capital that we may as well trench upon. I refer to the auction sale which frequently befalls on the occasion of the recall of one of our alien embassadors or ministers.

For two weeks before their excellencies decamp the local papers revel in a long and lurid "ad." recounting the recall of the embassador or minister and declaring how on a certain day all people so minded are invited to appear and contest at public vendue for a dazzling list of plunder in said "ad." set forth.

Prime among the properties for sale you will notice wines and many a thing besides that are as articles of commerce highly tariffed. But in these cases courtesy has held the tariff at bay. All of a legation's wines and cigars and furniture—in fact, everything of a personal sort that a legation causes to be brought to America—is passed scot free at our customs. One will readily discern that a ripe profit might be made to roll pleasantly up at one of these untariffed legation sales. Our own tradespeople must, however, pay the fiddler in each notable instance.

At these sales snobdom turns stoutly out. The bidding is hot and fast and high. There is nothing so lusted for by a certain sort of American, cringingly numerous hereabout, as a wine which has been justified by an embassador's taste, or a piece of furniture or bric-a-brac which has been soiled by noble and titled contact. And, therefore, these legation auctions furnish the most heated bid combats. And many a fool is fleeced.

It is also to be remarked that these sales string out in endless fashion, day following day, as fools flock to be bunkoed. The stock, whether of wine or furniture or cast off noble garments, never runs low. The widow's store of oil showed no better staying powers. As long as custom hangs about the chanters shout, the red flag floats and the stock of goods to be disposed of flows by with current unabated.

For, mark you, rather than disappoint or send any full hearted alien chaser away from this sale with aching heart and empty hands the auctioneer each night moves in a new stock to replace the disappearances of the day before. Each morning the legation rooms are as unstripped, the cabinets as full of bric-a-brac, the bins as replete with rare old wines as at the beginning.

Thus it runs forward until no more sheep appear to be shorn and even the tenders have enough. Then the flag comes down and the legation sale is at an end.—New York Journal.

Real.

Little Bessie had been taken in to see her new baby brother for the first time.

"Do you think you will like him, Bessie?" asked her father.

"Why, yes," she said, clapping her hands delightedly. "There isn't any sawdust about him at all, is there? He's a real meat baby."—Pick Me Up.

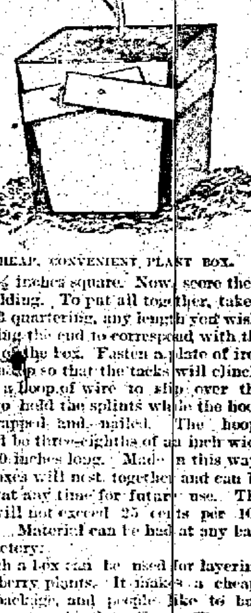
FARM AND GARDEN

A NEW PLANT BOX.

Very Useful to Market Gardeners and to Fruit Growers.

The plant box shown herewith has been used for a number of years by an Ohio contributor to American Gardening, who claims that it is just the thing to transplant tomatoes, peppers or, in fact, any plant that it is desired to put on the market early and get an extra price for. He uses the boxes principally for early tomatoes, transplanting into them about ten days before he wishes to market the plants. Tomatoes, peppers, asters and phlox are transplanted for the third time into these boxes and he gets from 3 to 5 cents apiece for them, whereas if he sold them out of flats he would only get 15 cents per dozen.

As to the cost of this box, the material is such as is used in making the common market basket. Have it cut 2½ inches in width and 6½ inches in length, tapering on the sides from each end for 2½ inches, thus leaving the center 1½ inches square. Now score them for folding. To put all together, take a 3 by 3 quartering, any length you wish, tapering the end to correspond with the taper of the box. Fasten a plate of iron on the top so that the tacks will clinch. Make a loop of wire to slip over the end to hold the splints while the hoop is wrapped and nailed. The hoops should be three-eighths of an inch wide and 10 inches long. Made in this way, the boxes will nest together and can be made at any time for future use. The cost will not exceed 25 cents per 100 boxes. Material can be had at any basket factory.



CHEAP, CONVENIENT PLANT BOX.

Such a box can be used for layering strawberry plants. It makes a cheap, neat package, and people like to buy plants put up in this shape. They can be then transplanted into the garden without a setback. The writer puts up thousands of tomato plants in boxes, each holding half a dozen or a dozen, and also does up single plants to put on the market. Vegetables grown in pots are too expensive to the grower. This box is also a package that your customer can take home easily, and he does not have to set it out until his soil is in a fit condition. There is no patent on this. It is given for the good of the plant culturist. As shown in the sketch the plant is small for the size of the box.

To Amateur Beekeepers.

Here is a chunk of wisdom handed out to beginners by The Progressive Beekeeper:

I would advise a beginner to commence with a small number of colonies, say from two to five, as, however well he may study and understand the theory of beekeeping, he will find that practical experience is necessary, and the knowledge he will obtain in handling a small number of colonies and multiplying them will give him the requisite experience to manage them when his colonies become numerous. If he makes blunders with a few before he becomes expert, the loss will not be so great, while, if he should commit the same blunders with a great number, it might prove too costly a tuition fee to pay for the experience acquired and turn him from the pursuit in disgust.

Cottonseed Oil Meal.

The oil meals, gluten meal and bran are materials which may be used as carriers of fertility to the soil. Cottonseed oil meal is thus used to quite a large extent in the southern and Atlantic coast states, and the Connecticut experiment station has repeatedly called attention to it as a source of nitrogen for the New England states. The following paragraph is from a report of that station:

Cottonseed meal has been by far the cheapest source of available nitrogen during the past season. Experiments indicate that it is as rapidly and fully available as the best forms of animal matter. It has been extensively used in home mixed fertilizers and has given perfect satisfaction.

The Next Hay Crop.

The New England Homestead reports as follows:

Farmers will devote a full area to hay the coming season. Many of our returns from the middle and western states point to an increase of 10 to 20 per cent over last year—occasionally more than this—while others an acreage about equal to last year and some to a decrease. In the western states, where the crop is nearly all prairie hay, the amount cured will depend to some extent upon prices in July. In many of the older central and eastern states, given over largely to timothy and clover hays, there will be an increase owing to the cheapness of potatoes and grain.

The Largest Book.

Professor Max Muller of Oxford, in a recent lecture, called attention to the largest book in the world, the wonderful Kuth Daw. It consists of 729 parts in the shape of white marble plates, covered with inscriptions, each plate built with a temple of brick. It is found near the old priest city of Mandalay, in Burma, and this temple city of more than 700 pagodas virtually makes up this monster book—the religious codex of the Buddhists. It is written in Pali. Rather strange to say, it is not an ancient production, but its preparation was prompted by the Buddhistic party of this century. It was erected in 1857 by the command of Mindonmin, the second of the last kings of Burma.—Home Journal.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure. This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits; 75 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Smethport.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve Cures Piles, Scalds, Burns.

[illegible] many a hard working man, who, worn-out nervous and sleepless, has been for months paying exorbitant bills to a high-priced doctor without a dollar's worth of benefit. Frequently the guess is entirely correct. There are too many doctors who are only lifted out of obscurity by the size of their bills.

The business man or working man who gets run-down and in ill-health from overwork, needs the advice and treatment of a physician who is famous for the thousands of cases he has cured, and not for the thousands of dollars he has charged. In Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., he will find that kind of a physician. For thirty years Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo.

He is the discoverer of a wonderful medicine known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a marvelous medicine for broken down men and women. It whets the appetite, purifies the blood, makes the digestion perfect and the liver active. Through the blood it acts directly on every organ of the body, driving out impurities and disease germs. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and nerve-tonic. It cures nervous prostration and exhaustion, malaria, liver troubles, rheumatism, blood and skin diseases and 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, weak lungs, spitting of blood, lingering coughs and kindred ailments. When you ask a dealer for the "Golden Medical Discovery" insist upon having it. A dealer is not a physician and has no right to advise some substitute.

When the trouble is of long standing write to Dr. Pierce, who will answer letters from sufferers without charge. Very serious or complicated cases, or those needing surgical treatment, sometimes find it necessary to come to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, for personal treatment and care. Dr. Pierce can be addressed there.

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He keeps a stock of

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PROVISIONS,
DRY GOODS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
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BOOTS and SHOES,
HAY and FEED,
PAINTS and OILS,
WINDOW GLASS,
HARDWARE,
FARM and GARDEN TOOLS

and in fact everything kept by a first class general store. He is always pleased to show goods quote prices, which are as low as any reliable concern is able to give on good goods. A trial will convince you.

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Merchant of EAST SMETHPORT,

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Now has a traveling grocery for Smethport and vicinity.

He visits all the **Surrounding Country** and carries a complete stock of fresh groceries and provisions.

These goods are sold 20 per cent. cheaper than any store in this section.

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Try Him.

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Smethport, Pa.

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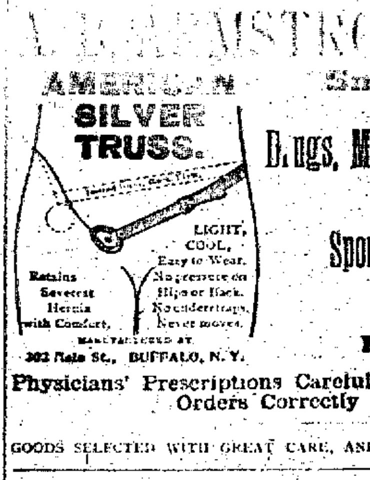
WILLIAM MASSER,
Water Street, Smethport.

[illegible] ARMSTRONG & CO.
Smethport, Penna.
Dealers in

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals and Patent Medicines, Sponges, Syringes, Soaps, Combs and Brushes, Perfumery.



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Feed at Lowest Prices

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A full line of grain of all kinds kept on hand. Can furnish refanned Oats. I invite you all to call and get prices before buying elsewhere.

Custom grinding done promptly, and all orders filled as soon as they can be.

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Corner Mill and Mechanic Sts.

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J. C. Stull.

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Do you own horses or cattle? Pulsifer's Veterinary Medicines for horses and cattle are warranted to substantiate each claim made for them. Your dealer is authorized to refund the money in every instance of failure to effect a cure of any disease specified on our labels, if used according to directions. You don't risk a cent by a trial. What more can you ask?

PULSIFER'S COLIC CURE.

This preparation is offered to the public as a portable, harmless, yet certain substitute for the old-fashioned bulky remedies heretofore employed in the treatment of that most dangerous disease Colic. A syringe for administering the dose accompanies each bottle, and the whole package is so compact that it can be easily carried in the pocket. The price at which it is sold is much lower than any other colic cure on the market, thus reducing the actual cost of curing a case of colic to five or ten cents. The dose is only thirty drops, given without diluting.

You can't fool with colic, nor waste time hunting up medicines. Veterinaries can't always be found when wanted, nor are drug stores always open. Pulsifer's colic cure is all the veterinary or drug store you need. It should be kept in the stable ready for use.

There is more fatality among horses from colic than from any other cause. Unless some immediate relief is afforded the chances for recovery are slight. Inflammation sets in, resulting almost invariably in death. Pulsifer's colic cure never fails to cure Spasmodic, Flatulent Colic, or Stoppage of the Water, if treatment is begun within one hour of the first attack. It has often cured when relief has been given up for hours. Pulsifer's colic cure avoids delays. Delays mean dead horses. Horses cost money. A concise manual describing the symptoms of the ordinary diseases to which horses are subject, together with the simple methods of treating the same. Mailed to any address on receipt of two-cent stamp.

All of Pulsifer's medicines are for sale by A. T. Palmer at his livery, feed and sale stable Smethport, Pa.

Mention the *Miner* when writing or calling.

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Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

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To Commissioners and supervisors of McKean and adjoining counties. I am now prepared to furnish iron and steel bridges of any size or design, any bridge, or stone work and complete, entire structure. Will furnish plans and specifications on application.

A. KELLY, Contractor,
Smethport, Pa.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

TIME TABLE WESTERN NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA

In effect April 18, 1897.

Trains leave Smethport for Larrabee, Eldred, Olean, Bradford, Rochester and Buffalo as follows:

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday [illegible] a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:25 p. m.
Local for Olean, daily except Sunday, [illegible] p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:25 p. m. connects at Olean with River Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont, and points south.

*Clermont Local, daily ex Sunday [illegible] a. m.
Clermont Acc'ton daily ex Sunday [illegible] p. m.
Clermont Acc'ton daily ex Sunday [illegible] p. m.
*Clermont Local connects through to Johnsonburg.

For Larrabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Mail, daily ex Sunday 11 [illegible] a. m.
Mail, daily ex Sunday, connects at Emporium for Philadelphia [illegible] p. m.

Get Time Tables giving full information from A. R. Wommer, Ticket Agent,
E. BELL, General Sup't,
J. A. FELLOWS, Gen. Pass'r. & T'kt Agt.
General offices Mooney Brisbane Bldg., Cor. Main and Clinton st, Buffalo N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect Nov. 25, 1896.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:26 a. m.—Train 8, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:23 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car through from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

3:16 p. m.—Train 6, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 a. m., New York 7:33 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

9:00 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 6:52 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 6:20 a. m., Washington 7.40 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg.

WESTWARD.

7:55 p. m.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations, leaves Ridgway 2:10 p. m. for Erie.

10:35 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

6:05 p. m.—Train 11 daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 1 leaves Renovo 6:05 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Emporium Jc. 7:55 a. m.

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:30 a. m., Washington 7:50 a. m., Baltimore 8:50 a. m., Wilkesbarre 10:15 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Emporium Junction 6:05 p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches to Kane.

Train 3, leaves New York 8:00 p. m., Philadelphia 11:20 p. m., Washington 10:40 p. m., Baltimore 11:50 p. m., daily arriving at Emporium June. 10:35 a. m., with Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.
Daily except Sunday.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS.	SOUTH Ar. A. M.
9 20	Ridgway	11 00
9 35	Johnsonburg	11 [illegible]
9 45	Bendigo	11 27
9 55	Glen Hazel	11 22
10 06	Straight	11 10
10 13	Instanter	11 05
10 18	Smith's Run	10 56
10 27	Woodvale	10 [illegible]
10 35	Clermont	10 45

Connections are made with train 1, leaving Johnsonburg at 3:27 p. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 8:30 p. m. also at Ridgway with train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:10 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway
THE SHORT LINE

On and after Aug. 10, 1896, passenger trains between Buffalo, Rochester, Salamanca, Bradford, Ridgway, DuBois, Punxsutawney and the Coal and Lumber Regions of Pennsylvania will leave Bradford and Mt. Jewett daily except Sunday, as follows:

LEAVE BRADFORD—EAST BOUND.

7:45 a. m.—Buffalo & Rochester Express. For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden, Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester.

2:30 p. m.—Mail—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden, Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy, and Rochester.

4:50 p. m.—Buffalo Express—Daily. For Limestone, Carrollton, Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden and Buffalo.

LEAVE MT. JEWETT—SOUTH BOUND.

8:52 a. m.—Accommodation—For Johnsonburgh Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

3:00 p. m.—Mail—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

Thousand Mile Tickets, good for passage between all stations, at two cents per mile.

Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the cars. An excess charge of TEN CENTS will be collected by Conductors when fares are paid on trains, from all stations where a Ticket Office is maintained.

For time tables and full information call on or address any of the Company's agents, or

L. B. McINTYRE, Agent Bradford, Pa.
EDWARD C. LAPEY,
Gen'l Passenger Agent
Rochester, N. Y.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R. TIME TABLE.

Took effect Monday, June 15th, 1896.

1	3	5	STATIONS.	2	4	6
am	p. m.	p. m.	Ar. Dp.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
8:55	2:20	7:59	Keating	9:10	2:35	7:50
8:35	2:02	7:19	Cowley Junc.	9:25	2:52	8:08
8:25	1:56	7:30	Austin	9:40	3:02	8:26
......	1:37	6:59	Costello	9:45	3:15	......
......	1:26	6:48	Wharton	10:00	3:25	......
......	1:17	6:39	Logue	10:09	3:34	
......	1:05	6:27	Hull	10:22	3:47	
......	12:45	6:08	Cross Fork Jc	10:45	4:10	......
......	12:30	5:51	Germania	11:23	4:40	......
......	12:20	5:25	Galeton	11:30	4:55	......
......	10:45	4:25	Gaines	2:26	6:40	......
......	10:10	3:50	Ansonia	3:15	6:55	......
	a. m.	p. m.	Dp. Ar.	p. m.	p. m.	
a m	a. m	p. m	Cross Fork Jc.	a. m	p. m	p. m
7:00	12:15	4:10	ar Cr. F'k Jc. dp	10:50	1:00	6:10
8:00	11:55	3:00	dp Cross F'k ar	11:50	2:00	7:10

H. Hutchinson, Train Master.
C. W. Goodyear, Gen'l Manager.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, takes effect Monday Nov. 1, 1896.

AR. EASTW'D.			STATIONS.	L'V WESTW'D		
A. M	A. M	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	A. M
......	7.30	2.40	Ulysses	7.42	2.30	9.60
......	7.21	2.00	Crowell's	7.51	2.40	10.04
......	7.16	1.53	Perkins	7.54	2.45	10.10
......	7.13	1.50	Newf'ld Junc't	7.57	2.50	10.16
......	7.06	1.42	Gold	8.04	2.56	10.20
......	7.01	1.36	Raymond's	8.07	2.59	10.24
......	6.56	1.24	Seven Bridg's	8.19	3.11	10.36
......	6.46	1.20	Coleburg	8.21	3.15	10.55
......	6.40	1.14	Frink's	8.29	3.22	11.02
......	6.30	1.00		8.43	3.40	11.30
3.55	7.20	12.55	Coudersport	8.53	[illegible]	1.30
3.49		12.51	Hammond			1.35
3.43			Fish Basket			1.40
3.39	7.52	12.46	Olmsted	8.51	6.20	1.44
3.34	7.48	12.41	Mina	8.56	6.24	1.50
3.25		12.34	Knowlton		6.30	
3.21	7.36	12.29	Roulette	9.06	6.35	2.11
3.12	7.31	12.22	Burtville	9.13	6.43	2.26
3.05		12.17	Coleman		6.47	
3.00	7.20	12.12	Port Allegany	9.24	6.50	2.3[illegible]
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	Dep't. Arrive	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Trains run on eastern standard time.
B. A. McCLURE, Sup't.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua R. R. Co.

Time Table taking Effect Jan. 1st, 1896.

LEAVE SMETHPORT.

8:10 A. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting with P. & W. Ry. for Foxburg, Butler and Pittsburg.

10:00 A. M.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane.

5:10 P. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with P. & E. train 4 for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia—and at Bradford with Erie R. R. train 1 for Salamanca, Olean, Hornellsville, Elmira and New York.

Trains arrive at Smethport, daily except Sunday, at 9:25 a. m., 4 p. m. and 6:25 p. m.

JNO. C. McKENNA,
Gen. Pas. Agent,
Bradford, Pa.

ST. MARYS & SOUTHWESTERN R. R.

To take effect at 7 o'clock a.m., Monday, August 17, 1896.

South		Stations	North	
1:25	......	Clermont	12:30	
1:29	......	Clermont Tank	12:2[illegible]	
1:46	......	Whitwood	11:57	
1:58	......	North Fork	11:45	
2:10	......	Kay Fork	11:35	
2:12	......	Gray Gables	11:30	
2:30	......	Ar St. Marys Lv	11:14	
2:35	7:40	Lv St. Marys Ar	10:55	[illegible]
2:38	7:43	Kaul	10:50	[illegible]
2:46	7:5[illegible]	[illegible]	10:42	6.00
2:50	7:55	Groll	10:37	[illegible]
2:57	8:03	Gilfen	10:2[illegible]	[illegible]
3:02	8:07	Paine	10:25	[illegible]
3:06	8:11	Centreville	10:20	[illegible]
3:10	8:15	Dagus Crossing	10:15	[illegible]
3:18	8:24	Shelvey Summit	10:07	[illegible]
3:23	8:29	Cuneo	9:5[illegible]	[illegible]
3:27	8:33	Thompson	9:55	[illegible]
3:31	8:37	Curry	9:48	5:07
3:37	8:42	Brandy Camp	9:41	[illegible]
3:40	8:47	Elbow	9:34	[illegible]
3:45	8:50	Hyde	9:29	[illegible]
4:05	9:01	Shawmut	9:15	[illegible]
p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.

BLACKSMITHING!

The subscriber has purchased the blacksmith shop recently occupied by Charles Kreuger, on Mechanic street, near Gifford's saw-mill, where he is prepared to do first-class blacksmithing, including

HORSESHOEING.

Satisfaction guaranteed. He also manufactures

SLEIGHS.

Can Cure All Ordinary Lameness in Horse's Feet and Legs.

CHAS. W. LILGENDAHL.
Smethport, Aug. 5th, 1896.